THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, June 30, 1926 | Number 8

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ANCHORS AND THE MIND

A RECENT graduate from one of our best colleges said, not long ago, that the most impressive thing about his education had been his complete ignorance of the educators. In the natural course of events he had heard many people talk and make assignments; he had met some of them informally and others under the auspices of a public occasion; and once in a while he had been regaled with anecdotes concerning an instructor's eccentricities. But how did all these people live? How did they associate their knowledge with the basic business of human existence? Any reply he might make to these questions would be purely speculative. In so far as he was concerned, the numerous deans and dons were so many mouthpieces, relatively individual, for separate arts and sciences. What he had missed all along was anything like an illustration of the kind of creature he himself would become after the sheepskin had been safely tucked away.

We do not feel that this young man's case is in any way exceptional. Academia is now usually a place where one does all those things which will not have to be done later on. Take period courses in literature, for instance. No human being who actually loves literature would dream of confining his reading and meditation to the writers who appear between, say, the first and the third quarters of the eighteenth century. And yet it is quite possible to complete four years in a liberal college without studying any other literature and without meeting a man who is capable of discoursing on any other. One might even go on and add that the instructor in charge proudly takes it for granted, as a rule, that his students will concede the eminent difficulty of mastering his subject and proceed blissfully to the sale of bonds or vacuum cleaners. And what happens in college is not unfamiliar to secondary and primary education as well. The daily page of Caesar becomes a memory, and the two years of amateurish French are triumphantly forgotten.

This, certainly one of the most humanistic aspects of the educational scheme, is a matter at which a form of mental training like that sponsored by the Catholic Church may look with proud confidence. This form exists precisely because of a feeling that walking is more important than having legs. Its inspirational idea is a utilitarian, vitalistic idea. If there were nothing more important to do in this world than to impress students with the fact that Ruskin was anticipated, in his remarks upon painting, by a number of

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neglected German essayists, the existence of distinctly Catholic schools would be a colossal joke. In the first place, there is nothing to guarantee the superiority of religious education in imparting this information; and, indeed, when one measures research equipment, it is quite safe to conclude that the most abundant lore about Ruskin and his forerunners will be accumulated by those who have money to buy books and time. Secondly, to establish the doling out of Ruskiniana as the chief purpose of education would be to deny the truly important ends which Catholic scholarship is trying to achieve.

The present annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will bring these ends once more to the attention of the vast community of those actively engaged in the difficult care of youth. And while the Association will thus be conscious of tradition and exemplary activity, it will be no less concerned with the diverse new ways of adjusting practice to modern needs and circumstances. Profit will come from the correlated experience of many who have worked in the field, who know the generation now advancing to maturity, and who are aware of the improvements in pedagogical theory which have necessarily followed the trend of democratization in the schools. During late years Catholic educational practice has sponsored a great deal of what may be termed experiment. The introduction of English methods in the conduct of secondary schools; the fostering of liturgy as a part of collegiate life; the increased attention to the library as the centre of intellectual dietetics—these are instances of what has been done, often in the face of great financial obstacles, to meet the pedagogical demands of the time. It would be futile for an outsider to measure these changes by his own norm of excellence, or to suggest that definite others ought to be made speedily. He does not know what can be done, for the simple reason that he is unacquainted with what is being done.

But the outsider, relatively anxious about the training of his children and the general civic welfare, is constantly watching the permanent heart-beat of education. He knows that Catholic culture has, in the past, achieved serene and salutary programs for the discipline of personality. The Rule of Saint Benedict, the Exercises of Saint Ignatius, and the sublime codex of the liturgy are constitutions for the government of the soul which have grown authoritatively out of life. Under the shadow of faith, in a spirit of earnestness and honesty, there have appeared great syntheses of thought like Neo-Platonism, Scholasticism, and Neo-Scholasticism. Even the arts of painting, sculpture, and letters have developed what may safely be termed a form innately inseparable from Christendom. These are genuinely achievements because those who succeeded in getting them done had in view a goal toward which they struggled happily and laboriously. They were not interested in merely doing something; they were fervently enthusiastic about doing one thing.

What has this been? Possibly the easiest way to reply is through that beautiful, sacred medium known as a parable. Three men come out of the chill night into a place where there is a fire. The one warms his fingers in silence. Another opens a book and begins to read. The third reasons that the fire must have been lighted by another, in the kindliness and authority of one who has power to dispense hospitality. And while his fellows are absorbed in themselves, he goes forward into the shadows and discovers his host. The welcome is cordial and satisfying: it explains the night, the wanderer's loneliness, the festival fire. But the happy guest cannot wait until he has found his two fellow-voyagers again and tried to lead them forward with him. Perhaps the one is sceptical and fears to be misled; possibly the other is complacent with the ruddy glow. But he who knows the house beyond has absorbed too much of charity to give up the argument. Indeed, he even looks upon the book and the blaze with a new interest, because these things are dear to his kindred.

The significance of the parable is obvious. If Mr. Glenn Frank is correct when he says that divergent ideas of Divinity are at the base of varying educational interpretations of life, the standard of the Church is at once set apart by reason of its dependence, not upon a theological concept, but upon the Real Presence. Those who believe are constant guests. But the Catholic cultural instinct is always predominatingly social because the integral part of its strength has been charity, from the beginning. Were it to forget the business of constantly inviting others to join the tremendous circle which it has spanned before the feet of Christ, something of vital joy would have gone out from its heart. Now, obviously, the world today listens to education as to no other voice. There is a great desire for appropriate orientation toward the discoveries of science and the creations of the arts. In consequence, the burden laid upon that ministry of the Church which we term instruction is heavier than it ever was before. Let us lift it and bear it gladly, as our fathers have done. Nothing could excuse failure. If genius be wedded to infinite pains, sloth is a synonym for mediocrity.

Nevertheless, the materials of education are secondary to the efficacy of instructive example. The meeting of the Educational Association will prove once again that the Church has enlisted the noblest of armies in the campaign for youth. Religious teachers and those associated with them can hardly fail in the most essential thing, because they themselves are illustrations of the most essential thing. It was said long ago that the pilgrim needed nothing so much as a guide. Today the world is murmuring more and more distinctly the old but half-forgotten truth that those who are rising to maturity need to see, in a firm and radiant light, those who have gone before.

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

IT would be difficult to find a more pertinent statement of the case for higher education under Catholic auspices than that given, in a recent address, by the Reverend Joseph Burke, C.S.C., president of Saint Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Father Burke distinguishes between essential and non-essential characteristics of religious education, and finds that the basic matter "is the religious atmosphere of the school, the religious environment of the student." That only teachers consecrated to the service of their profession by sacred vows can preserve the fealty of the college to spiritual principle seems obvious; and possibly it is its very obviousness which has caused some who are frightened at the technical progress of secular education to overlook it. But though Father Burke refuses to compromise on the supreme issue, he is intelligently aware of the difficulties which confront Catholic practice. This, he says, "has not yet achieved the high success we hope for it. At the present day, leadership in education is largely in the hands of those outside the Church. They have set the standards and we have fallen in line." And why? "Very few Catholic universities and colleges have an adequate endowment," he specifies, "and most of them have none. They are required to compete with state universities which are supported by liberal grants of money every year, and with highly endowed private schools." Very definitely this is the root of the problem of the lay-professor who, though he often makes great sacrifices to aid the cause of religious training, should not be expected to submerge his family and his own development under the burden of an ideal.

BUT though one may well plead, with Father Burke, for larger grants of money to aid the noble work of education, it is obvious that this petition alone will never succeed in removing the obstacles to educational progress. He himself observes that the college under his direction "granted, during the present year, over $40,000 in employment and in the reduction of rates to help worthy students. This is more than a third of the income. As a result of this generosity there was this June a deficit of approximately $15,000 in the treasury." These figures tell their own story. In spite of heroic economy of every sort, the college lost in one year the interest on a hypothetical endowment of $300,000. And before the school can make the progress it hopes to, this same endowment would have to be increased at least tenfold. This little instance affords an illuminating insight into the nature of a problem which needs to be dealt with firmly and cooperatively. We do not know how to solve it. But one suggestion comes to mind—the formation of a group of religious university executives who, like Father Burke, know the situation, to deal at first hand with the difficulty as with a common danger; to devise a practicable remedial scheme; and, perhaps, to enlist the enthusiastic help of laymen who, because their lives have not brought them into intimate personal contact with Catholic higher education, minimize its importance and its harrowing burden.

THE significance of the miracle by which Christ fed the multitude with twelve loaves transcendently multiplied is recalled by the act with which the Eucharistic Congress opened—the reception of the Divine Sacrament by a million penitents, thronging the churches like a host of invited guests. Later the day grew brilliant with services made beautiful through the pomp of scarlet and gold, of music and incense, eloquence and the endless throng which eddied in the streets. But all this splendid outward shew was merely like a toast, sublime yet perfunctory, after the feast. The difference is not a matter dependent upon faith, or attitude of mind. The marvelous giving of the Saviour's Self in the multiplied loaves consecrated in His name is, for all the ignorance and indifference prevalent, the central reality of life. Through this virility is given for the soul, and unworthily enough the human being assumes resplendent dignity. We may neglect this fact. We may take it as a matter of course. We may need to be aroused imaginatively by the breathless ceremonial of a gathering which has hastened in from the corners of the earth. A million people crowding, their sins forgiven, toward the sacred Banquet may make an impression. That, however, is not the purpose they have primarily in mind. More essential by far than that, more essential indeed than anything else on the earth, is their own humble reception of That which shall go with them, as their own hearts go. The Bread is multiplied that they may live.

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THE German people sagaciously avoided a bad blunder by refusing to support the referendum authorizing the expropriation of royal property. Apart from the question of principle involved, recognition of the legality of the monarchial titles was helpful to the continued stability of the republic. Though the purchase will impose a tax upon people already heavily burdened under the provisions of the Dawes plan, the sums required will mean a kind of premium for the guarantee of credit and property. Perhaps the radical demand for confiscation was inspired less by hostility to the royal persons—or memories—concerned than by a desire to gain greater leverage for the communistic idea. But the referendum decision was also a victory for the government. The passions which rose to the surface during the campaign, the consciousness that expropriation would lighten the weight of taxation, the ease with which the issue might be made to seem part of the democratic program—all these were successfully lived down by a nation which, during the past ten years, has striven to acquire the habit of republican rule while it was being harassed by the twin extremes of restoration and sovietism. Today the government of Von Hindenburg is wedded to a more safely constituted authority than has existed in Germany since the war. Those who hesitated to view it with equanimity ought now to see that it has met a severe test conservatively, with an excellent understanding of the fit course of national conduct.

THE varied adventures of M. Briand have led to another victory, the exact complexion of which is still in doubt. He seems to hope for a fusion of three parties in a ministry that, whatever it may lack in inner coherence, will at least be stable enough to resist parliamentary interference. But in this very hope lies a confession that such interference, such constant juggling of majorities in the Chambre, has nearly wrecked the financial and political stability of the country. M. Briand recognizes the danger; and one cannot help admiring the tenacity with which he clings to his thesis that it can be circumvented by means of diplomatic manoeuvering. Doubtless his return to the helm finds him more highly respected and more powerful than ever before. He may be able to push through a program of reform which, even if not ideally perfect, will be practicable in a situation quite as desperate as any that has confronted a nation since the war. Tact has brightened many a dark hour. Nevertheless, the thoughtful Frenchman may, some fine day, grow bitterly impatient with mere tact. Seeing round about him countries which have regained stability through the exercise of authority, he may finally set about giving his government something like cogency and power. We do not believe him in need of that extreme form of dictatorship now exercised in Italy and recommended by a constantly increasing number of his fellow-citizens. But ten years of trial in the midst of genuine difficulties have proved the feebleness of French parliamentarism as an agency of modern rule. To say this is not to repudiate the idea of popular government; it is rather to express the obvious conclusion that government must be something more than merely popular.

COMMEMORATIONS are worthy things, and although the timeliness of Magna Charta day, scheduled for June 12, was a little indeterminate (713 years, by close reckoning, have passed since the precious document was wrested from King John) nothing but good can be accomplished by attracting public attention afresh to what is still the basis of the political liberties shared by the English-speaking race in all countries where it has taken foot. But it is to be regretted that the International Association for its celebration, with headquarters at St. Paul, Minnesota, should, apparently of set purpose, be narrowing its appeal in this country and endowing it with a racial and sectarian tincture. Speaking at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church recently, the Reverend Henry Howard, who is a native of London and a recent resident in the United States, had a word to say to his fellow Nordics which we sincerely trust will not set the key for future self-congratulations. "The freedom of this great republic," said Dr. Howard, "is just now in peril of being exploited by those who have not been assimilated in thought and action with the spirit of its traditions of freedom." And, that no doubt whatever might remain in his hearers' minds as to the inference he wished them to draw, the pastor continued: "It is a question of whether the foreign elements entering into the life of America, and finding here a freedom such as they have never before enjoyed, and failing to appreciate the great change in their advantages, are turning that liberty into license."

DR. HOWARD'S plea was uttered with all the diffidence of one who feels that American domestic affairs are "none of his business." But it has been made public and one or two comments upon it become in order. In the first place, the charge, so often heard, that men of what our Anglo-Saxon propagandists are agreed between them to call "foreign" stock, are responsible for a volume of crime out of proportion to their numbers in any given city or district has been examined time and again, and as often discovered to be unjustified. Until this disproportion can be proved, what the Presbyterian pastor terms the "disquieting" encroachment of license upon liberty, so far as it affects the character of the foreign born or descended, is merely a statistical accident due to the composition of the population in the area under survey. In the second place, the statement that immigrants from abroad really find when they land "a freedom such as they have never before enjoyed" would bear examination. In many respects, notably in civic regu-

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lations, they find themselves faced with restraints to which they have been unaccustomed, and a great part of the problem before those to whom Nordic blood and Protestant profession of faith are not the prime prerequisities for citizenship, is to abridge this critical period of apprenticeship, and to see to it that men who have so much to contribute, in brawn and brain, to the upbuilding of the country are not discouraged at the start. How this can best be done, happily, is the concern of many active and sympathetic bodies and individuals. But it can safely be said that about the worst way to set about it is to establish, even in the interests of so worthy a memory as Magna Charta, shibboleths of creed and blood, and to represent men as "exploiting" the privileges of American citizenship for evil ends who are sometimes pathetically anxious to earn it and were certainly not found slack defenders of it nine years ago.

THE magnificent encyclical which Pope Pius XI has devoted to the centenary of the Poverello, soon to become the central theme of the world's religious meditation, contains many passages which one should like to set forth for especial attention, and it is hard to commend too highly the enlightened enterprise of the New York Times in giving the entire text of it in a leading article. But possibly the following sentences, which describe the social conditions under which the Saint approached his beautiful crusade for purity and poverty, is of particular significance because the description might well apply to certain aspects of the contemporary world: "Sad, indeed, was the fate of the common people, because the relations between the owners of land and the peasants, the greater and the lesser as they were called, had nothing in common with the spirit of human kindness. Those who were powerful misused and oppressed the lowly and the peace-loving. Those who did not belong to the unfortunate plebs, permitted themselves to become agents of egotism and greed, being motivated by an insatiable desire for wealth. Wholly unmindful of the laws which had been established against vice, they made a proud display of their riches at wild orgies. . . .

"YES, this lust for wealth and pleasure was not even absent from the ranks of those who should most scrupulously have guarded themselves against it, although many of the clergy were distinguished for the austerity of their lives. Prevalent also was the custom of monopolizing the sources of wealth and of building up vast private fortunes. The ambitious did not shirk sinful ways of gaining riches, being sometimes violent extortioners of money and sometimes usurers. Many added to their patrimony by illicit trade in public offices and emoluments, by interfering with the administration of justice, and even by procuring for criminals immunity from punishment." Against these powers of darkness, in an age when the official voice of the Church was disregarded even by emperors, Francis rose, wrapped in poverty so bright that he seemed an angel. Today a careful reading of the encyclical will suggest that now as well as in the thirteenth century there is, as William James once remarked, a deep need for the same spirit and the same vows.

THE indignation aroused in France by the formation of a company to exploit the cult and memory of Saint Thérèse de Lisieux, and the publication by its promoters of a prospectus, reckoning in round terms of the depreciated franc the profits to be derived, will be shared by many lovers of the Little Flower in this country who are by no means thin-skinned in such matters nor apt to take scandal from what has always been an inevitable corollary to popular piety. There is nothing inherently wrong in the working of a law of supply to meet the demand of pious wayfarers for some souvenir of their visit to a shrine of their predilection, however much one may share the distaste of artists like Eric Gill for objects that are too often platitudinous, sentimental, and smeared over with the commercialization of the age. In the prosperity their sale diffuses over the region in which her religious life was spent one may, with a little tolerance, even try to see a wish fulfilled that would not have been very far from so simple and childlike a heart as that of Saint Thérèse of the Infant Jesus. Nevertheless, in the cold-blooded estimate of such items as "objects of piety," or "five francs for a chair for the night," there is something that shocks and disgusts.

M. GAETAN BERNOVILLE, the latest, and perhaps the worthiest, of the biographers of the little Saint, puts the matter very cogently in the last chapter of his Sainte Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, when he tells us that at Lisieux today "a frightful commercialization rages everywhere, filling shop-windows with gaudy statues, with rose garlands in plaster, with mirrors and ash-trays bearing the image of the Saint. Upon the hallowed name that is a symbol of heroism and sacrifice, a ridiculous diminutive has been inflicted, while posters upon the walls announce 'Térèsette' as a liqueur of superexcellence. . . . Even where this base precipitancy in exploiting a revered name cannot be charged, it may be said that everything is rich and nothing beautiful." "All our shrines of pilgrimage," adds M. Bernoville, regretfully, "seem, as though by the workings of some mysterious law, to be smitten with the same plague. The vulgarity, the stupidity, the hunger for gain and ignorance of what is really fine will never be eliminated from human nature. . . . All that one can do is to hope —and act. Perhaps some little group of authentic artists will, in time, give us images of the saint inspired with the beauty she loved, and consonant with her own moral physiognomy and prodigious destiny."

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THE MAN EVERYONE KNOWS

By FELIX M. KIRSCH

UNMISTAKABLY, Saint Francis has caught the fancy of the world. A play dealing with his life won for its author the first prize in a national poetry contest and was presented on Broadway. When eloquent lecturers desire a fashionable subject they select the theme of the Little Poor Man. It is significant that the three best biographies we have of the Saint have been brought out by non-Catholic publishers. It is significant, too, that Everyman's Library has three numbers dealing with Saint Francis. The statue of the Saint was selected for the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine on the ground that the Poverello represented the spirit of the thirteenth century at its best.

It is well known that pastors of Protestant churches will not hesitate to preach whole series of sermons on the Seraphic Saint. The Salvation Army has spread abroad thousands of copies of its Life of Saint Francis, and the author of the book contends that it is the object of the Salvation Army to spread throughout the world the spirit of the Saint of Assisi. There is a Protestant Third Order of Saint Francis in England as well as in France. An Episcopalian Church in Boston is dedicated to the Saint.

Protestant missionaries in Japan have translated the writings of the Saint as well as other Franciscan literature, and disseminated them among the natives. Premier Mussolini has declared October 4, 1926, the seventh centenary of Francis's death, a national holiday in Italy, and has called upon all official representatives of Italy in foreign countries to celebrate that day with becoming solemnity. The same government has issued a series of Franciscan postal stamps. The Poverello was the favorite saint of Ruskin, of Longfellow, of Lowell—all men who knew relatively little about the Church, but who could not escape the charm of the Umbrian Saint.

This hunger of modern Christians for the joy of Saint Francis is a hopeful sign of the times. May we not hope that the world, while growing familiar with the life of the Saint, will realize by and by that this life represents so close an approximation to the life of Christ as to tempt men to return to Christ through Saint Francis? The Saint has, indeed, brought within the reach of frail humanity the life and virtues of the God-Man. Nor is it true that Protestants are more deeply interested in the Little Poor Man than are our Catholics. In a survey conducted by one of our national Catholic magazines the readers voted three "Lives" of Saint Francis among the 100 most popular books while no other saint's "Life" was mentioned. But we have even better evidence for Catholic interest in him whom Pope Pius XI calls "the sweetest of the saints."

At the present time the Order of Saint Francis shows signs of a new growth which promises to bring back the days of its greatest vitality in the eighteenth century, when postulants flocked to it in such numbers that the then reigning Popes, Innocent XIII and Benedict XIII, had to make rules restraining the freedom of admission. In 1768 the General of the Friars Minor commanded the obedience of about 77,000 members, distributed over 167 provinces. In 1770 the Conventuals possessed some thirty-one provinces with 966 convents, while the Capuchins in 1754 had some 32,000 friars with sixty-three provinces. Today there are more than 32,000 friars belonging to the three branches of the First Order—Franciscan, Conventual, and Capuchin. About 4,000 friars are laboring in the foreign missions. Of the Second Order, which grew under the direction of Saint Francis, with Saint Clare as the first superior, there are some 12,000; at one time their number counted more than 70,000, including diocesan institutes of Poor Clares. But the Second Order as well as the First suffered severely during the French Revolution when nearly all provinces were disorganized or suppressed; and in the subsequent revolutions on the European continent the Franciscans suffered the fate of all the religious orders. Yet during the last thirty years a notable revival has taken place. If to the friars and sisters belonging to the First and Second Orders we add the innumerable communities of Tertiaries who live according to the Rule of Saint Francis, and whose number easily passes the mark of two millions and a half, we may form some estimate of the influence of Saint Francis in our own day.

Saint Francis has been for centuries a deep influence in America. The footsteps of the Saint may be traced throughout our country and throughout our history. The very discovery of America is due, under God, to the children of Saint Francis, inasmuch as Christopher Columbus, the discoverer, and Queen Isabella, who furnished the means for the first voyage, were members of the Third Order, and Father Juan Pérez, the counsellor of both, was the superior of the Franciscan monastery of La Rábida in Andalusia. Father Juan Pérez, with other Franciscan friars, moreover accompanied his illustrious friend on the second voyage in 1493. The Franciscans were also the first religious on the mainland of America, as they landed on the Isthmus about the year 1512.

Verily the friars played a noble part in the early history of America, and the Franciscans are hopeful that in these latter days, too, they may be permitted to promote in this country the cause of God and His Church. They have good grounds for this hope. Their prayers and good works, their preaching and teaching, their countless ministrations embracing every form of priestly activity and Franciscan charity should be a power in bringing home to our countrymen the Gospel of Christ and the example of one of His devoted followers—the Poor Man of Assisi.

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THE NUN IN EDUCATION

By GEORGE JOHNSON

THE other day in his address at the commencement exercises of the Catholic University of America, Archbishop Curley stated that the university is making its most important contribution to Catholic education through the Sisters College. Those who are close to the work realize the full truth of this observation. Moreover, the words of His Grace are quite as applicable to the other Catholic institutions of higher learning throughout the country that have opened their doors to the sisters. No other group of students has the same potentiality for the apostleship of Catholic culture. We often say that without the sisters the Catholic school system of the United States could not be maintained. I wonder if we are always conscious of the full significance of this statement. There is infinitely more implied than the economics of the situation, the comparative negligibility of teachers' salaries. The fact that the sisters labor for less than no compensation is less than no factor in the case. What the Catholic schools derive from the sisters is their very spirit and life, their atmosphere of essential potency. It might be possible to conduct Catholic schools without the sisters, but they would never be Catholic in quite the same way as the sisters' schools are Catholic.

The philosophy of Catholic education is fundamentally ascetic. This is so because the Catholic philosophy of life is fundamentally ascetic. Christian perfection is characterized by a fine contempt for the things of this world, a realization of their secondary importance, and a striving after the goods that are imperishable. It is achieved by discipline and denial of self, by the substitution of higher for lower yearnings, by the gradual freeing of the spirit from the trammels of the flesh. Christ saved the world through the instrumentality of the Cross, and it is the way of the Cross that all must follow who would come after Him. A thoroughly Christian character is one that is rooted in the fundamental conviction that the purpose of our existence is above and beyond this life, that temporal existence is but a means to an end, and that final victory is not for such as mind earthly things.

This manner of living is not to be learned from the mere hearing of homilies or the reading of books. If it is to be learned at all, it must be learned by example. The school that Christ established was the school of imitation, and His method is summed up in the words, "Follow Me." His first pupils learned by doing, doing as well as they could what they observed Him doing. They in turn exhorted their disciples to imitate their example, and from that day to this the imitation of Christ has been the aim of Christian conduct, and it has been accomplished by carefully observing and imitating those who are living Christlike lives.

No class of people in all the world are living lives more thoroughly Christian, more inspired by the spirit of Christ, more like His in thought and action than the nuns. Theirs is a great courage that accepts Him literally and gives up all worldly things in complete confidence in His promise. He was poor—they vow to give up all earthly possessions. His virginity inspires their own. He was obedient even unto death, they yield their will to that of their superior in His name. They are not content to follow Him afar off, but they cut asunder every tie that binds them to earth that they may be privileged to walk in His immediate presence. Such proximity fills them with His spirit and as they go forward through the religious life, they become mirrors of His perfection.

This is the real contribution of the nun to Catholic education. Not cheap labor but richness of life; not what she teaches but what she is. Her fundamental happiness, her essential blitheness of spirit, her self-sacrificing service afford a constant and pragmatic proof that Christ alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is only natural that those outside the Church should have strange ideas of nuns. A nun is a stumbling-block and foolishness to those who are strangers to the fundamentals of Catholicism. Non-Catholics who are mystically inclined often see her in a quasi-sentimental light, as a strange, ethereal sort of being, highly idealized and quite unreal. Others, less inclined to see anything good in Catholic life, despise her as a stupid victim of an exploiting system, as lacking in intelligence and vision, as a dehumanized zealot. Catholics know how laughably absurd is their judgment.

The nun as we know her is just a typical American woman, grown up out of typical American girlhood. One is tempted to use the adjective "regular" in its ordinary slang usage to characterize her. The only thing that distinguishes her from ordinary women is her idealism, her unquenchable thirst for better things, her inability to find the satisfaction of her desires in ordinary ways. Worldly living is not good enough for her. But with it all, she is the essence of sane common sense. There is no particular mystery about her except the mystery that the worldling always finds in things spiritual. She has a day's work to do and she does it. She acts and thinks and speaks as any normal human being. She does not strike poses nor fall into ecstacies. There is nothing of exotic mysticism about her. She has her petty faults just like her sisters in the world. The only difference is that she does not take these faults for granted. She feels it her business to eradicate them as much as is humanly

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possible, for not just ordinary decency but Christian perfection is the goal of her heart's desire. Underneath it all she usually possesses a saving grace of humor, which is a mark of the children of God. Picture, then, a normal American girl, brought up in a good American home, happy, vivacious, intelligent, discovering that there are ambitions in her heart that nothing worldly can satisfy. She wants to do great things, to make the highest possible use of her life and her talents. She wants to live for Christ, and Christ alone. She has a vocation. She enters a religious community, dedicated to the mission of teaching.

There for a period of years she submits to the discipline of the novitiate. She acquires the spirit and the technique of the religious life. She is made over from a child of the world into a child of God. I doubt that there is any spot beneath the sun as lovely or as happy as a religious novitiate. The sombreness, the sternness, the inhuman atmosphere that the ignorant love to imagine is conspicuously absent; rather there is joy, and light-hearted happiness, affection and sweet gaiety, peace and enthusiastic industry. If you wish to see human nature at its best and loveliest, visit a novitiate.

When the days of religious preparation are over, come the days of professional preparation. Really it is all wrong to use the term "professional" in reference to the nuns. Teaching with the nun is not a profession, it is her very life. That is why the nuns make the best of teachers. The only return they expect from their labors is the success thereof in the lives of their pupils. They see their work in the light of the mission of Jesus Christ to the world. They are building up the Kingdom of Heaven. They may be teaching anything from primary number to advanced biology, but the spirit back of it is always the same. The work must be done and done as perfectly as possible, because nothing shoddy, nothing second-rate is worthy of the Master. Sometimes it is claimed that nuns cannot be good teachers because they know so little of the world. People who talk thus forget that the average nun is in her twenties before she enters the convent. An increasing number are college graduates. Moreover, the convent is not out of contact with the things of the world that are worth while. One can be in the world though not of it. And there are certain types of worldly experience that unfit anyone for the work of teaching, and ought by their very nature to forbid a person associating with childhood and youth. Any good teacher, no matter where he may be, is essentially an unworldly sort of a person. Of necessity he leads a cloistered life. Great thoughts are not inspired by night clubs, and true scholarship is not born in the midst of mundane noise. Great souls always walk alone. The wisdom that is necessary would one be a safe guide to the young is not acquired by much running about and a jading of every appetite. Quiet, solitude, opportunity to think and to meditate, prayer, self-discipline—what better preparation than this for the work of teaching.

Summer vacation is at hand. What does it mean to the nun today in the United States? There is scarcely a sister in active service who will not attend a summer school of some sort. The activity of the American nun in the way of advanced education is phenomenal. She is insatiable when it comes to the things that promise improvement in her work. And what a splendid student she makes! Those who have been privileged to meet the sisters in college and university classes must all bear witness to the eagerness and the intelligence of their attitude. They come looking for the best, expecting help and direction, hungry for new ideas, their minds full of the needs of the children back home for whom the best is none too good. By all the laws of nature they should be tired out after a hard year. If they are they do not show it. After the summer school, a refreshing of the soul in the waters of a spiritual retreat—then September and the classroom once more. Perhaps they should be restrained a bit. Perhaps there is too much burning of the candle at both ends. But the slowing up will not be suggested by the sisters. There is no stint or limit to the measure of their giving. One of the finest fruits we are reaping at the present moment from the higher education of our nuns is the increasing volume of their literary production. Each month brings announcements from the publishers of new books by sisters. Doctoral dissertations published by the various universities reveal them as accomplished research workers. Literary essays and poems show how lovely is the beauty in their souls. Best of all, they are entering the field of text-book writing. Readers for the little ones, breathing the lovely spirit of religion; texts in history, in mathematics, in science, in literature promise that the day is not far off when through the labors of the sisters we shall have that which we have needed so long—Catholic texts for Catholic schools.

Our Catholic sisterhoods represent the very flower of American womanhood. Their contribution to the idealism and the real progress of the nation is inestimable. From the days when they came to this country—cultured ladies braving the perils and hardships of the wilderness to lay the foundations of Catholic education—to the present moment when no sacrifice is too great for the expansion and betterment of the Catholic school, they have never faltered. They have prepared their pupils for life by showing them how to live. They have left in the memories of the children a recollection of something fine, something noble, a recollection that never ceases to awaken a homesickness for the things of God. We are accustomed to grow lyric over the American girl—nothing short of the epic is good enough for her when she becomes a nun.

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THE ST. LOUIS MEMORIAL YEAR

By GILBERT J. GARRAGHAN

NO more dramatic moment in the history of these United States is on record than that which is chronicled for March 10, 1804, when before the shabby little Government House at Main and Walnut Streets in St. Louis the colors of Spain and France were furled and the Stars and Stripes were raised over the western moiety of the Mississippi valley. This ceremony marked occupation by the federal government of the upper reaches of the vast territory known as the Louisiana Purchase acquired from Napoleon for the ridiculously low consideration of $15,000,000, in what one may fairly call the most amazing real-estate transfer in history.

In 1826, twenty-three years after the Louisiana Purchase, the entire upper portion of the new territory, having for boundaries the Mississippi and the Rockies, the Louisiana-Arkansas state-line and the Canadian frontier, was erected by Rome into a diocese, with St. Louis for episcopal see. In 1904 St. Louis put on a gigantic world's fair to commemorate the centenary of the secular event—the purchase. In this month the city will lay itself out to signalize another centenary, that of the ecclesiastical event of the founding of the Catholic diocese of St. Louis, the commemoration being planned to center around the consecration on June 29 of the superb new St. Louis Cathedral with the Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress, Cardinal Bonzano, a participant in the ceremonies.

A glamour of daring romance and picturesque pioneering hangs over the beginnings of civilized life in the basin of the Mississippi. The names of the Gallic pathfinders who set up for the Grand Monarque an overseas empire in mid-continental North America may be said to have been writ in water, so complete was the overthrow of their political achievements. The race was to men of another blood who entered triumphantly into their predecessors' astounding labors. But the fact remains that the losers contrived to throw around their undeniably first-class achievements in exploration, discovery, and pioneer settlement, such an atmosphere of the heroic as remains to this day almost the outstanding and arresting element in the story of the American West. Standing, not apart from, but midmost the currents of high emprise that were flowing thus through the valley of the Mississippi throughout the French régime, was a limestone bluff that rose on the west bank of the mid-Mississippi some fifteen miles below its junction with the Missouri. Hither came in 1764 the Sieur Pierre Ligueste Laclede and with his stripling helpmate, Auguste Chouteau, laid out a trading-post to command the Missouri River fur-trade. The post, named for St. Louis, with an indirect compliment to another king of France, Louis XV, prospered from the beginning, doing in 1769 a business of $80,000 in furs.

When the Americans arrived in 1804, the trading-post had evolved into a village with a good conceit of itself, counting its people at some two thousand. First was staged that greatest of all the epics of American exploration, the Lewis and Clark expedition to the far side of the Rockies, having for its purpose, which it nobly served, to lift the veil from the mystery-land which had just come to swell our national domains. Then, in the wake of Lewis and Clark followed the traders, the trappers, the hunters, the Oregon trailers, the gold-seekers, the homesteaders, the cattle-rangers, and whatever other elements of the human kind had parts to play in the ever-appealing drama of the Old Frontier. At the very gateway to so-called Upper Louisiana, the stage on which this great drama of western pioneering was enacted, stood St. Louis. Almost without exception, every organized attempt in the pioneer period to penetrate the wilderness that lay toward the setting sun started from here.

It was amid this human environment of adventurous pioneering that the Catholicism of the trans-Mississippi West came into being. The earliest historical associations thrown around St. Louis beginnings are largely ecclesiastical in character. The first white men known to have passed the site of the city-to-be were the missionary-explorer, Jacques Marquette, and his companion, Louis Jolliet, in their memorable descent of the Mississippi, 1673. Again, the first whites to set foot on the terrain of the future metropolis were three Canadian priests who there said Mass on December 8, 1698, the earliest recorded religious services in the history of the locality. Still again, quite the earliest patch of civilized life ever laid out on Missouri soil was the Franco-Indian-Jesuit village at the mouth of the River Des Peres, almost, probably entirely, within the actual municipal limits of the St. Louis of today. Finally, at the laying out of Laclede's trading-post, an entire square was dedicated to church purposes, Louis Sebastian Meurin, last surviving eighteenth-century Jesuit in the Mississippi valley, repairing thither some time later to conduct the first religious services in the history of the settlement.

Slowly, but surely, Catholicism on the west side of the Mississippi began to shape itself into something like organized life. The series of ecclesiastical affiliations in which that territory became involved as a result of the vicissitudes of politics and war reads like a roll-call of the historic place-names of the new world. The sees of Quebec, Santiago di Cuba, Havana, and Louisiana and the Floridas in turn exercised spiritual juris-

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diction over St. Louis and the vast hinterland that lay to the west. Eventually, St. Louis was on the way to becoming a diocesan seat itself, the first step toward that culmination being taken with the arrival there on January 5, 1818, of the Right Reverend Louis William Valentine Du Bourg, third Bishop of Louisiana and the Floridas. His canonical see was New Orleans, but circumstances made his presence in that city inadvisable at the moment.

Born in San Domingo in the West Indies, Bishop Du Bourg had already achieved distinction, having been president of Saint Mary's College, Baltimore, and also of Georgetown College, and diocesan administrator at New Orleans. Only now, the writer ventures to affirm, do we begin to envisage the greatness that was in this man. The first important impetus to the growth of Catholicism west of the Mississippi came from his hand. He brought to Missouri the Lazarists, the Jesuits, the Society of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of Loretto. He established a seminary, working with his own hands on the modest little edifice which alone his slender funds permitted him to erect. He founded a Latin academy, which a year later blossomed into a college, forerunner and nucleus of the St. Louis University of today. He began a brick cathedral to replace the forlorn structure of logs which he found on his arrival. Details escaped him, but he worked in the large with all the vision and resourcefulness of a spiritual empire-builder. Like Alexander VI apportioning the new world between Spain and Portugal, he divided the vast upper reaches of his diocese between the Lazarists and the Jesuits, giving to the former the right bank of the Mississippi and to the latter the entire Missouri valley, an amazing grant of spiritual jurisdiction which the swift expansion of Catholicism in the West was later to render impracticable. Men, seeing the temporary miscarriage of some of his plans, called him a dreamer, as though all things worth while have not a dream behind them. It was the very boldness of his designs for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom that lent them permanency of result.

All the social graces, admittedly great, of pre-Revolutionary France, in which environment he received his education, lived in this courtly prelate. He wrote letters prolifically and with exquisite touch. He preached effectively in English, so excellent a judge in such matters as Archbishop Carroll witnessing to his capacity in this respect. He made friends on all sides, better evidence none of the charm and worth of his personality. Three may be noted, outstanding figures all, the cause of their canonization being now under consideration in Rome: Mother Seton, whose Congregation of the Daughters of Charity Bishop Du Bourg was instrumental in founding; Mother Duchesne, of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, one of the earliest recruits he secured for his diocese; and the Lazarist, Father De Andreis, his vicar-general at St. Louis. With these and a host of other historic personalities, lay and clerical, in early nineteenth-century Catholicism in the United States he was brought into intimate relations, leaving everywhere the repute of a gentleman and a scholar and especially of an apostle, all aflame to a quite remarkable measure with zeal for the glory of God's House.

In 1821 Bishop Du Bourg withdrew from St. Louis, which was never meant to be more than his temporary residence, to New Orleans, his canonical see. Here opposition to him developed, the betrayal of his confidence by a clerical adventurer depressed him, and he came to the conclusion that the interests of religion demanded his resignation. Passing through St. Louis in May, 1826, on his way to Europe, he left whatever money he had with him, some three hundred dollars, in the hands of Father Van Quickenborne, founder of the Western Jesuits, to clear the title to the property in St. Louis which he was instrumental in securing for a Jesuit college; and at the same time he borrowed $90.00 from Father Saulnier, the Cathedral pastor, to meet the expenses of his overseas journey. His resignation of the see of New Orleans having been accepted by the Holy See, he was named Bishop of Montauban and later Archbishop of Besançon. In a material way the Church of western America was not to lose altogether by the retirement of its one-time ecclesiastical head into France. One gets a delightful picture of the generous temper of this distinguished churchman in a letter from his pen which recounts the efforts he made to interest the court of Charles X in his Jesuit friends of Missouri. Some innocent publicity being needed, the King's grandson, the future Count de Chambord, appears at court decked out in the Indian costume which Father Van Quickenborne had sent for the occasion. Archbishop Du Bourg died at Besançon in December, 1833, and in an almost unmarked grave in the crypt of the grim old Cathedral lie the remains of the first great builder of Catholicism in the trans-Mississippi West.

The same day, July 2, 1826, that saw the acceptance by Rome of Bishop Du Bourg's resignation of his American see, also saw the erection of the two dioceses of St. Louis and New Orleans to replace the previously existing diocese of Louisiana and the Floridas. Bishop Du Bourg's coadjutor since 1824, the Right Reverend Joseph Rosati of the Congregation of the Missions, began to reside in St. Louis in 1827. The fifteen years that he ruled the destinies of the Church in the new diocese were crowded with accomplishment. Under him St. Louis was enriched with its first hospital, and a new and stately cathedral (the "Old Cathedral" of today) went up under his direction, its consecration in October, 1834, being a red-letter day in the ecclesiastical history of the West.

It was still sowing, not harvest-time, during the years that Bishop Rosati was at St. Louis. The great sweep of territory between the Mississippi and the

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Continental Divide, since organized into some seventeen dioceses, was looking to him for ministerial aid. Even from the banks of the Columbia in the Pacific Northwest, appeal was made to St. Louis by the handful of Catholics in that remote wilderness to send them a priest. The response came in the early 'forties, but the priests, De Smet and his Jesuit associates, went out from St. Louis, not to the whites, but to the Indians, to inaugurate the most noteworthy movement on behalf of the American red man ever launched by the Catholic Church in the United States. New-born settlements, some of them destined to assume metropolitan proportions, were receiving first aid from the shabby little episcopal residence in St. Louis. When Abraham Lincoln went up from New Salem to Springfield on a borrowed horse in 1837, the future capital of Illinois was attached to Bishop Rosati's jurisdiction, the first priests to arrive there having come with commissions from the St. Louis prelate. In 1833 Father Benedict Roux reached the "mouth of the Kaw," the future Kansas City, writing thence to diocesan headquarters an absorbing record of nascent Catholicism on the Missouri frontier. The same year, 1833, saw Mr. Anson Taylor come down from Chicago to St. Louis, to return thence with Father St. Cyr, first resident priest of the upstart village that even then was beginning to fight its way forward to its present estate of the fourth city of the world.

The pioneer bishops of St. Louis were remarkably arresting figures. If Du Bourg and Rosati are names to conjure with, Kenrick was a dynamic force of which one will not easily overstate the influence. For sheer intellectual greatness he probably overtopped all his contemporaries in the America hierarchy. His youth, passed in Ireland, was brimful of promise, and he was but thirty-five when Bishop Rosati picked him out to consecrate him as his coadjutor and successor. When he came to St. Louis, the frontier stage in the development of his diocese had not been passed. He had still, like his predecessors, to travel by horseback or stage, to officiate in log-churches, to deal with Indians. But the half-century of his episcopate bridged over magnificently the interval between ecclesiastical cradle-days in the West and the ripened development of the Church. Rosati saw only a single new diocese, that of Dubuque, set up within the original territory that held the St. Louis see; some fifteen were set up in Kenrick's time.

With the great streams of German and Irish immigration steadily pouring in during the middle decades of the last century, the Catholic population of the West went forward by leaps and bounds. A score and more of new religious communities of men and women came to establish themselves on the banks of the Mississippi. Everywhere the drift was to a fuller and more complete expression of Catholic life in all forms of religious, charitable, and educational endeavor, and the hand shaping the movement, steadying it, insuring its success, was that of Peter Richard Kenrick. Quiet, forceful, with almost a genius for business and finance, never much in the public eye but gaining his ends through the silent power of tactful, intelligent administration, he brought the diocese of St. Louis, advanced in 1847 to the dignity of an archdiocese, almost up to the level of organized development on which it stands today. And yet this man of affairs and practical achievement was, almost characteristically, a student and scholar, with published works of high theological acumen to his credit.

Heroic beginnings lend themselves more temptingly to the chronicler than current achievement, however much this may show of impressiveness and worth. Nevertheless, a few lines are due the St. Louis archdiocese of today.

Archbishop Kain, an engaging personality, wholeheartedly devoted to his episcopal tasks and remembered for not a few noteworthy projects initiated or completed during his incumbency at St. Louis, took over the reins of administration from the aged Kenrick, who died in 1896. Later came Archbishop John J. Glennon, first as coadjutor of Archbishop Kain and then, on the latter's death in 1903, as his successor in the see of St. Louis, which he has continued to occupy with distinction to this day. The twenty-three years that have elapsed have witnessed the tradition of expanding growth, which has marked the history of the archdiocese, grow to a climax. Important enterprises, each marking a distinct forward step in organized Catholic life, have been vigorously taken in hand and pushed forward to a successful issue: a new theological seminary of imposing proportions and distinguished architectural design; a cathedral of Byzantine style and Cyclopean construction, vast in contour and superbly finished in marble and mosaic; and archdiocesan high schools, housed and equipped to meet every modern demand. Probably in no other municipality of the United States today is Catholic education of whatever grade—primary, secondary, collegiate, or university—more successfully organized than in St. Louis.

We revert to the theme on which we began, and note again St. Louis's storied past and the rich measure of colorful and appealing incident that enters into its history. But surely the fascination that attaches to the secular tale is paralleled by the fascination that attaches to its ecclesiastical counterpart, which is the story of Catholic origins, upgrowth, and mature development in the metropolis of Missouri. Both records grip the attention and stir the blood, as being alike chapters in the always absorbing chronicle of the Old Frontier. With both records is bound up a wealth of those heartening and inspirational values which alone make of written history a thing worth while. And so one may well observe with sympathetic interest St. Louis as it commemorates this June the passing of a hundred years of organized Catholic life in the ecclesiastical district of which it is the centre.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

II. THE UNION OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

THE Catholic Union of International Studies has, for several years, been working for better representation and defense of Catholic interests in the League of Nations. The founder of the Union was a Swiss, Baron Georges de Montenach, deputy of the Council of States, which is the senate of the Confederation, and vice-president of the great popular Catholic Association.

Baron de Montenach died prematurely at Fribourg, his native town, on May 24, 1925. He was one of the most outstanding figures in Catholic Switzerland. Of an old patrician family, which had given two bishops to the diocese of Lausanne, and five chief magistrates to the Republic of Fribourg, Baron de Montenach always knew how to harmonize in himself, as well as in his public life, two qualities rather contradictory in appearance: the cult of tradition and the love of his native soil on one hand, and, on the other, the European spirit and international point of view. In the parliament of Berne he was the acknowledged defender of the sovereignty of the cantons—of "federalism," as we say in Switzerland—and of all the beauties of the land, artistic or natural. He devoted a whole book to these beauties, under the title of The Beloved Face of the Fatherland. But he had traveled considerably. He had lived a long time in Paris, London, Brussels, Vienna, and Rome; he was in contact with the most eminent men of Europe; also, he had understood at an early date the necessity for Catholics of strong international organizations. As a disciple and friend of Count de Mun, he conceived, about thirty years before the war, the idea of a vast international union of Catholic students, and almost succeeded in putting it into effect: at any rate, his idea was carried out, as soon as the war was over, under the name of Pax Romana. Later, he had been one of the founders of that union of Fribourg which marks such an important date in the history of social Catholicism, in the deliberations of which he assisted, under the presidency of Cardinal Mermillod, with Count de Mun, Marquis de la Tour du Pin, Descurtins, etc. Finally he founded, with the able assistance of Baroness de Montenach, the International Association for the Protection of Young Girls.

The outstanding quality of Baron de Montenach was that of foreseeing events a long time in advance: the war did not surprise him at all—he had seen it coming for many years. But, while it was raging all around Switzerland, which it had spared by a sort of miracle, he was already dreaming of the new world which was being born so painfully, and of the part of Catholicism in that world. In 1917, when the end of the war could be foreseen, and when it was necessary to foresee that end in order not to be surprised by events, he gathered around him a certain number of friends, ecclesiastics or professors of the University of Fribourg, and proposed to them to found a circle for the purpose of studying the grave international questions which appeared on the horizon, and to study them, in their relation to the interests of the Church, under the light of Christian principles. Thus it was that the Catholic Union of International Studies was born.

Nothing was more natural than its having Fribourg as its cradle. Fribourg is a Swiss town, and Switzerland, during the war, was a first-class observatory, since it stood in the midst of the belligerents. Fribourg is situated on the division line of languages and is an old town, half Germanic, half Latin. It possesses, moreover, a university, Catholic in doctrine, international in composition. Fribourg, for a long time, was a town of assemblies, where Catholics of the entire world were wont to meet.

In 1918, as soon as the Armistice was signed, Baron de Montenach and his collaborators resumed their work. They recruited adherents in Switzerland, in France, Italy, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, in England, and as far as Canada. At once they were able to form two groups: the Swiss group; and the French group, the presidency of which was entrusted to Paul Fournier, member of the Institute. It was in Paris during the month of November, 1920, that the first sessions of the Union were held. In his opening address, Baron Montenach stated:

> What the Fribourg Union is from the social point of view, we wish to carry out in the international domain, in order to cause the principles of the rights of Christian people to penetrate into the League of Nations. Just as the Fribourg Union has struggled to free the working class from the yoke which economic liberalism has laid heavily upon it, we wish to liberate Catholic nations from the yoke of oppressive legislation, especially the populations of resuscitated nations, which have won, through the war, the right to have a flag, but which must not pay for their national deliverance with an encroachment on their religious liberties.

To demonstrate the affirmation he had just made, Montenach called the attention of his hearers to two problems: the relations of the Holy See with the League of Nations; and the mandate for Palestine and the Holy Places.

The first congress of the Union had given it a temporary organization and, above all, principles; it

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had established its attitude toward the League. The second congress, which also met in Paris in the spring of 1921, laid out the program: to follow the work of the League of Nations, to intervene, if need be, for the defense of Catholic interests; to keep informed of the situation of the Catholics in new countries, as yet poorly organized, where minorities have not, as yet, in practice, the rights that are conceded to them in theory.

The third assembly took place at Fribourg in April, 1922. This was the beginning of the practical work. For the most part only reports were heard: on the activity of the League of Nations, on minorites, on intellectual coöperation, on the Treaty and its amendments. These reports constitute perhaps the most intelligent and most profound critical exposition, severe at times but always well meant, of the work undertaken by the League.

The fourth congress was that of Milan in the month of October, 1923. It sanctioned the existence and the activity of a very large Italian group where could be found the most eminent Catholics of the peninsula. The result of the meetings was a complete reorganization of the Union, assuring to it an absolute internationality, and giving it a plan of methodical work.

In 1924 and 1925 the Union did not have any large meetings. But reunions of delegates with the central committee took place at the latter's seat, that is, in Fribourg. The purpose of these reunions was first of all a practical one: to strengthen and perfect the internal organization, to follow up the work undertaken, and to keep a record of the results. The Union held its fifth general assembly from April 10 to 15, 1926, in Vienna.

The Catholic Union is based on national groups and on international groups.

The national groups are autonomous within the limits of the by-laws. They are ten in number: Germany, Austria, France (central in Paris with two subgroups in Lyons and in Lille) Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Poland (subgroups in Warsaw, Cracow, Poznan, and Lublin) Kingdom of Serbs, Croates and Slovenes, Switzerland (central in Fribourg, subgroups in Zurich and in Geneva) Czecho-Slovakia. Groups are being formed in Belgium, Spain, Ireland, and the Netherlands. Where the Union does not as yet have groups, it will choose correspondents.

The groups themselves are of two kinds: some are new creations and some have attached themselves to preëxistent organizations. For instance, a section of the Leo-Gesellschaft (Leo Association) forms the Austrian group, and there are two departments of the Catholic Council that form the English group.

The members of the groups are chosen among Catholics known to be attached to the Church, ready to take an interest in the work of the Union, as, for instance, to observe and have others around them observe the Christian principles which must guide the mutual relations of peoples and the reconstruction of society; these are the very terms of the by-laws. One can see that the Union endeavors especially to form for the service of the Church specialists in the matter of international questions: doing this it complies with the wish of the Holy See. It therefore does not aim at an immediate organization of the masses: nevertheless, it recruits its members in such a manner that every one of them may be as much as possible the representative of a great Catholic force. This manner of forming the groups tends gradually to make the Union the centre of the principal Catholic associations, both national and international. One can see the usefulness of this, when it becomes a question of agreeing on a common action, of avoiding competition and useless repetitions, waste of time and efforts resulting therefrom.

The national groups are points for meetings and concentration where the Union assembles the necessary men for its international work. But the latter is more and more taken care of by the International Commissions composed of chosen specialists in different countries. The first, by right of seniority, is the Catholic Commission of Intellectual Coöperation. It is a creation of the Milan congress of 1923. We know that in 1922 the League of Nations had selected the twelve members of the International Commission of Intellectual Coöperation, to which it had assigned the task of drawing together the nations by drawing together their minds. It was a question, in that particular instance, of intensifying the intellectual exchanges between countries: exchanges of professors, exchanges of students, exchanges of publications, resumption of international congresses, mutual intellectual aid in favor of the countries where, on account of the war, the intellectual life found itself hampered or menaced. For the purpose of corresponding with the International Commission, national commissions of intellectual coöperation were organized almost spontaneously in most of the countries; the United States today possesses one of the most important. But the problems of intellectual coöperation could interest Catholics only directly; how, for instance, was the League of Nations going to treat the Catholic universities, with their diplomas and their publications, the Catholic students' societies, the associations of Catholic intellectuals, our libraries, our scientific institutions? Was it going to ignore them? In fact, far from ignoring them it had to treat them with genuine liberalism. On the other hand, the Union realized the necessity of bringing about coöperation between the Catholic intellectuals of the entire world and of helping those, too numerous, who may be in trouble or in distress.

These were the motives that decided the Union to create this Catholic Commission of Intellectual Cooperation. We think that it might be of interest for the reader if we give here the list of its members.

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They are: Mr. H. de Fries, professor in the University of Nimègue, president; the Abbé Charles Comte, of the clergy of Geneva, secretary; Monsignor Deploige, senator of the Kingdom of Belgium and director of the Institute of Philosophy of the University of Louvain; Father Gemelli, rector of the Catholic University of Milan; Father de Munnynck, rector of the Catholic University of Fribourg, in Switzerland; Gaston Castella, professor of this same university; Count Rostworowski, rector of the University in Cracow; O. de Halecki, professor of the University of Warsaw, head of the division of university relations in the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation; Gariel, professor at the University of Fribourg and vice-director of the International Bureaus of Industrial and Literary Property in Berne; Abbé Prince Ghika; Pedro Sangro y Ros de Olano, delegate from Spain to the International Bureau of Labor; Father Schmidt, the renowned German anthropologist; Father Martindale, of the University of Oxford; Monsignor Beaupin, vice-rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris; and G. de Reynold, professor at the University of Berne and member of the International Commission for Intellectual Coöperation.

It was also the activity of the League of Nations that helped the Union to create, in 1924, its Catholic Commission of Humanitarian Affairs. The task of the second is to follow the humanitarian activity of the League and of the International Bureau of Labor, and to maintain contact with the different Catholic organizations occupied with humanitarian questions. In effect, when the League of Nations intervenes to suppress slavery or the abuse of narcotics, to curb white slavery, or to protect children, it touches Catholic interests which are of the greatest importance but which are not always represented before it. The object of this commission is, therefore, to represent these interests before the League, or to act in such a manner that they may be represented, and to keep the principal Catholic associations, devoting their efforts to these various problems, duly informed of the activities of the League. The Commission of Humanitarian Affairs has a tendency to become, within these limits, a species of council in which delegates of the International Catholic Association for the Protection of Young Girls, the Katholischer Caritas-Verband of Germany, the International Union of the Leagues of Catholic Women, the International Union of Charity Work, and of various other associations meet.

The International Commission of Minorities, the youngest of the three, has barely started its labors under the presidency of an Englishman, Mr. Ward, with a Swiss, Mr. Dupraz, as secretary. It is understood that it deals exclusively with the religious aspects of the problem of the minorities. The Commission is for the present conducting an investigation, which touches especially on the condition of Catholics in Central and Eastern Europe, in Soviet Russia and in Turkey. It expects to study also the means of supporting the intellectual élite of these Catholic minorities, and a number of other outstanding problems.

The Union is governed by an International Committee. It consists of the Bureau of the Union, of one delegate for each group, and of one representative for each commission, in an advisory capacity only. The Bureau itself has its headquarters in Fribourg, where the office of the secretary of the Union is situated in a room in the library building of the Canton and of the University. The Bureau is composed of the president, three vice-presidents belonging to different nations, but as much as possible residing in Switzerland, assisted by the members of the secretary's office; a secretary, the Abbé Grenmad; a treasurer, Mr. Dupraz; two assistants and the necessary personnel.

Finally, the Union itself has as protector His Highness Monsignor Marius Besson, Bishop of Lausanne, Geneva, and of Fribourg, one of its founders, who always places his episcopal residence at the disposal of our small and large assemblies, in which he himself takes earnest part. The work done there may be said, humbly, to possess apostolic significance, inasmuch as it strives to teach all the world the hope of unity and mutual understanding.

Blowing Sand

One striding from a moon to a far sun,
Passing the planets as they swiftly run,
Looking upon a gust of blowing sand,
A little cloud less wide than a great hand,
Marking how grain calls out to whirling grain,
Pitting their frailty to the hurricane,
How from the dust they mold the throaty flute,
And, lest a string be raucous, the sweet mute . . .
Striving for stature, how they build and build
Temples for life—these who will soon be stilled!
Ah God, they know—and yet, God, hear them laugh!
They race with time, with wheel and multigraph;
They seize small moments, these ephemeral things,
And lift beyond the reach of mighty wings.
Two, by some alchemy of eye and eye,
Go far beyond the footpath of the sky;
Shod in white flame, they skim the dark abyss—
And oh, their eyes hold heaven when they kiss.
These who must bow at last to wind and rain,
Raise proud undaunted brows to lashing pain;
They sow for future strangers, their bright stage
Holds treasure gleaned from dust of a dead age.
Dear Columbine is there, and gay Pierrot,
Spinning their songs of rose breath and new snow . . .
The work, the play, the legends are a fount,
Whose jewels are too manifold to count!
One watching this cloud pass—this brave sound lull—
Could surely find no thing more wonderful!

POWER DALTON.

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JAKE'S GUESTS

By MARY FAGIN

JAKE receives. From about ten o'clock in the morning up to about two o'clock in the afternoon Jake's guests keep coming in; or rather, they are brought in by Jake's assistants. Singly or in groups they are ushered in. The two half-doors are open wide and Jake welcomes his guests amiably, greeting each newcomer with a genuine smile and a kind word. They in turn hardly speak. Strange creatures these guests are. Not of the mixing kind. They come resentfully. They come only because they must. They are people whom the United States does not want and has decided to return to the different parts of th world from which they had come. In Jake's room at Ellis Island they await the dreaded hour of deportation.

Sad and hopeless is Jake's reception room. Were a legend told about it, it would say that the deportees have invested it with sadness and hopelessness. A medium-sized room with faded tan-painted walls and a lonely window facing a narrow part of the yard of the Island. A gloomy room.

With every incoming guest the greyness of the room increases. All dressed in traveling clothes they come, ready for the voyage intended for them. Are traveling clothes always of a dull grey? Or maybe these particular travelers have been in their traveling clothes too long. Be it as it may, Jake's guests but seldom display glittering garments. Nor brilliant conversation. At about two o'clock the pathos of this room reaches the stage of grim tragedy. It becomes painfully interesting. Those who find no more seats on the benches sit on their baggage. Others stand. Noise. The officials appear busier than ever. So many records have to be made! The matrons are on the alert to help those with little children. The watchmen guard.

Feodore is one of Jake's guests. He looks out the lonely window and hums quietly a song once popular among Russian political prisoners: "Guard all you may: I don't intend to run away." Feodore is a typical Russian student, but he has failed to prove that he came to America to continue his studies, and he is being sent back as excess quota. Feodore is not handsome but there is a peculiar charm about him, a kind of intellectual dignity. Tall, pale, his thick hair carelessly brushed back, he leans against the wall near the window and looks out into the distance. His deep-set grey eyes close and open with the play of emotion as he sings on his melancholy tune.

Little Kayata is another guest. She is only nine and very lonely and helpless. She hugs her bundle of meagre possessions, and dries her tears with the ends that protrude from her untidy belongings. She, too, is being sent back as excess quota. Had her parents come five instead of three years before she might have been admitted to them; as it is they only have their "first" papers and children under eighteen are admitted outside the quota only to citizen-parents. Poor little Kayata must go back. But, then, a new quota will come and Kayata will have a chance to come again and be admitted. Maybe.

And here is deportee Moishe, eleven years old. He pacifies Kayata. Moishe is not of her race but of her "quota-nationality" and he can speak to her. "You don't have to cry," he preaches to her. "When the quota is open again they will let us in. This is the second time they are sending me back and—"

"But you are older than I," Kayata interrupts him, drying the corners of her mouth used by her tears as a convenient stopping place.

Moishe feels himself older than he really is. He is big for his age, and has gone through enough suffering to entitle him to act like a man and he speaks boldly:

"We'll be able to come back, only now we'll have to wait longer, for the new year's quota; last time I was late for the month's quota. My papa is in this country. He would send me to school, and—" Big Moishe's voice chokes; he feels ashamed of his tears and he apologizes to Kayata: "You see, my mother died at home and I have nobody there, my pa—" Moishe cannot control himself any longer and the two cry shamelessly. A matron brings them crackers and milk and tries to quiet them.

The children forget their grief for a while. They watch gay Katherine do her fancy steps. Katherine is being sent back because she is insane. But she doesn't know she is being sent back. Her hair loose, her blouse half-way off, she dances and sings at the top of her voice. Katherine's wish must have been to be a nymph. She looks like one. Katherine is happy and doesn't seem to mind her deportation.

Does Rosa mind being sent back? Nobody knows. She talks a good deal but so quietly that not a word is clear. In an extreme corner of the room she sits, her head bent low and supported upon her hands, and talks incessantly. As though in earnest conference with another person Rosa talks, quietly, in whispers. Does Rosa know that she is being sent back for the same reason that Katherine is? Rosa is pretty. And Rosa doesn't know she is pretty. Rosa talks quietly.

Suzan and Mabel are busying themselves with lipstick and rouge; they flirt with the guards and giggle. They don't seem to worry that they are being sent back as bad girls. "I don't care, every country is good enough for me," says Mabel, winking at a guard. The

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latter laughs and is careful. "I'll come back again," says Suzan. "This is not the first time; every time I come they don't know me, and I get by. He, he." Suzan laughs loud.

"Keep quiet. I'll let out my troubles on your head!" comes a shrill, angry voice from the centre of the room. But the little baby of the Geller family cannot and does not want to keep quiet. The room is hot and smelly and noisy, and the little one is not pleased. Mrs. Geller thrusts the crying baby into her husband's arms and turns to an older child who is tugging at her skirts.

The meek Geller looks guilty and lost. And guilty he is, for aren't they all, he thinks, being deported because of him? Yes, it was he whom the doctors found physically disqualified to land. He had not been aware of his disqualification. He looks at his wife and his heart aches for her.

He pleads with her: "Please be calm; it is God's will." He pats the baby. The child goes on crying.

"How can I be calm?" retorts his wife, "I am going mad!" She slaps the baby over the mouth. Her cheek bones are protruding, as though in an effort to break through the skin. Her eyes are red and small. "How can I be calm when I think of what we have gone through? For two years to wander from country to country, from city to city before we could reach the American shore and now to have to go back. Back where? I can't, I—" She cries softly. The baby is encouraged to raise his voice.

The matron brings in milk. Geller gets out a baby bottle from their baggage. The nipple is stuck as if glued to the bottle. Geller is aware of a strength in his hands that comes only to those in sheer misery. He grapples with the bottle, trying to remove the nipple. The bottle breaks; his right palm is cut and bleeds profusely. His face turns pale.

"Water, water," Mrs. Geller screams. Her lips quiver.

"How did you do it?" A guard is sympathetic.

"You darnphool! Don't ask him questions, take him to a doctor," commands one of the deportees, a roughneck of a party from the West. The guard and Geller are off, leaving specks of blood in their wake.

Jake's guests, except for Mrs. Geller, go on as before.

Time for departure. Stoop-shouldered and smiling, with a pleasant word to everybody, Jake sees his guests off. The deportees are led to the tugboat.

Katherine is still singing and dancing, Rosa is still talking confidentially, Suzan and Mabel are still giggling. "Good-by, good-by cuties." Jake is good to them, too. He nods his head in answer to their waving. With others he shakes hands and wishes them better luck next time.

And there goes the Geller family, rather out of step, an awkward and befuddled group—he with a white bandage on his right hand, pulling along some baggage with his left; she with a thin white face walking after him, carrying one child in her arms and dragging the other at her skirts.

And there goes big Moishe, the eleven-year-old deportee. "Good-by, Moishe," some official yells to him. "Call again," adds another. Moishe doesn't look up. With head bent, a small bundle under his left arm, he moves as fast as the colleague in front of him permits. He doesn't even look sideways, for fear that Kayata, who walks beside him, might see him cry. But she couldn't see, for her eyes, too, are misty. Kayata will have to wear her charming, little Bulgarian costume a while longer.

And there go five of our future citizens, a mother and four children. They did not think that a few months would matter so much, for a few months is all that the husband and father of these deportees lacks to become a citizen and to be entitled to receive them outside of quota limitations.

And there trudge along an old man and his boy. Excess quota. "Four children in America, all citizens, and back we must go," he complains in a husky, choking voice to an interpreter who watches the procession. The interpreter has nothing to say. The old man proceeds: "Didn't you tell us that we might—" A guard attends to his duty. "Go ahead," he shouts, "don't block the way."

The deportees keep on going. Jake remains alone. But there will be other guests.

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A MOST EXCELLENT DON

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

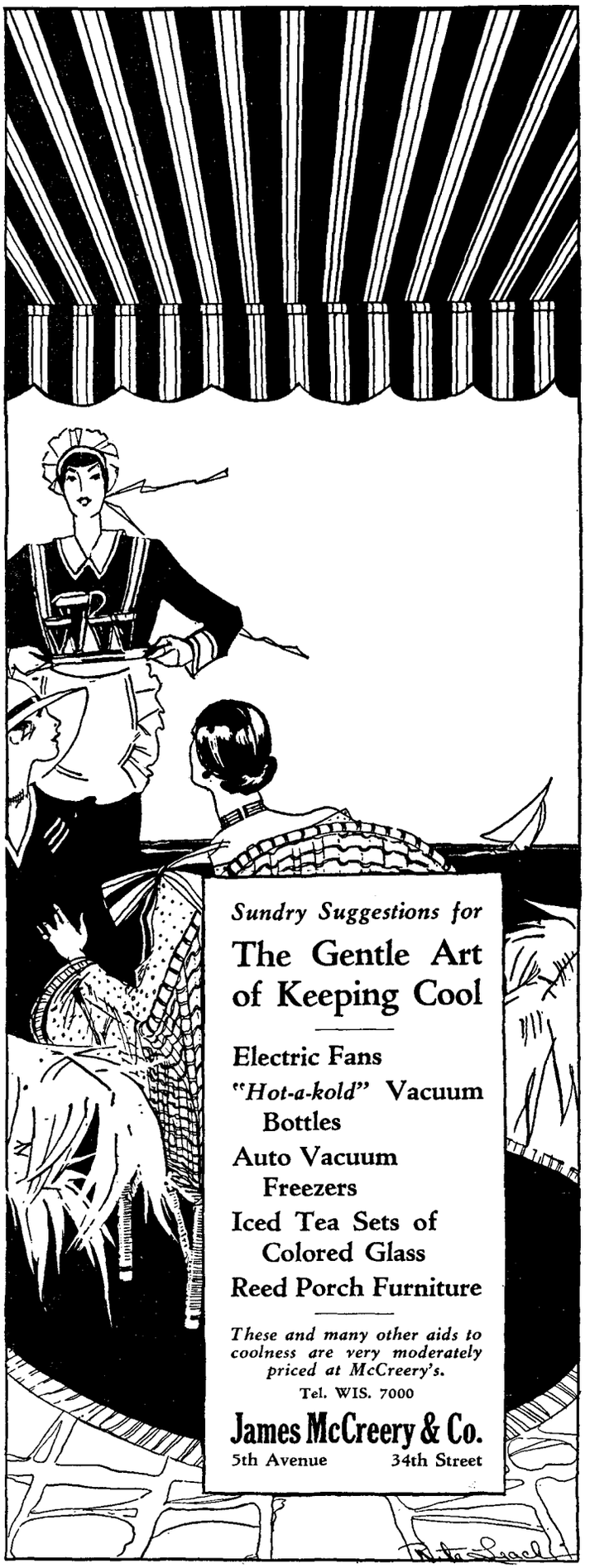
IF THERE is to be a place in paradise set apart for dons (and surely there will be, for who would presume to encroach upon their august quiet?) the fortunate among us may expect to meet a princely, wonderfully wise man who, if the heavenly dons prove unjealously aware of merit, will be the ruler of their demesne. Of course, knowing as I do that he is wonderfully wise, I simply assume that he is princely. More intimate knowledge has escaped me. Dons and their ways are blissfully dream-like, rather than real, to most of us. It is quite enough to remember that for their comfort Addison planted—was it elms?—in the neighborhood of Magdalen College; that they are trained samplers of all good things, like hock and the periods of De Amicitia; and that—at least upon tradition—the native frivolity of the Cam is suppressed whenever they pass.

Now all of this may be the merest gossip, because we have been denied familiarity with rugged donnish actuality. But is there anybody of importance who has missed altogether the pleasure of knowing "Q"? Long ago, when literature was still quite content to be readable, is was voted in a happy conclave that The Splendid Spur and The Ship of Stars were among the best of tales. The electorate came—as those who were present will recall—pretty much from all over. I still seem to see the president of Wimbledon College, with a twinkle behind his horn spectacles, the tall, tanned young man who was ever so deeply in love, and a certain maiden aunt who proudly laid claim to the achievement of having "discovered" Francis Thompson in a Boston horse-car. Perhaps all these were not highly intelligent literary critics, believing as they did that fiction was fancy rather than fabrication. But would it really do any harm to go back to Quiller-Couch's romances once again? Surely these phantoms of Stuart grace, these flashing young blades and their darlings, might do no further injury to the growing intelligence than to suggest, ever so mildly, that "the poet is a splendid wizard."

But "Q" is a don, as has been indicated; and in fulfillment of his lofty function he presents us now with another of those books which are commonly called anthologies.* What a pity that the savor of Greek has been annihilated by modern scientific curiosity! We are so busy labeling diseases and beetles that the mellow old Attic does not immediately suggest "a gathering of flowers." Think of the word in the garden, where jonquils and azalea are beautiful on a thousand stems, or against the bosom of a girl, her arms crowded with apple-tree bloom, and you will see at once that not everybody who rushes through the poets or the divines can give you a bouquet of unspoiled loveliness. Few people understand the art of culling flowers. I have seen a great artist stand for an hour trying to give symmetry to the contents of a vase, and then abandon the task with an outcry of despair. Every dinner-table collection of roses presents a problem that Da Vinci might have wrestled with—a problem involving insight into the separate mysteries of flowers, and into the deeper holy awe of color. And how much more difficult it is to gather the most beautiful of the subtler beauties of literature may be inferred, of course, from a mere thought of the dimensions of the project.

(*Continued on Page* 215)

**The Oxford Book of English Prose, chosen and edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.75.*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POEMS

For Such as Did Not Go

Strew stars upon the streets, comb the created world
For pageantry that Heaven comes down to us.
Then homeward turn, from man's magnificence unfurled,
To God Whose hiding ye have honored thus.

For all the outward universe is Thine, is Thine:
But all the inmost world is Thou, is Thou—
O throbbing heart of things, O dynamo divine,
O strength eternal of our flimsy now!

Serene amid the bustle; silent in the noise;
Whiter than all the purple and the gold;
Joyous beyond the measure of our human joys;
Lover of things that are not bought nor sold;

Thou palpitating Word that speakest not in words,
But echoest within, within, within;
Thou wielder of all sacrificial swords
That prune our souls from vanities of sin.

Jesus behind the doors! I prithee peep and bless
All who shall watch awhile and study Thee;
That we who join not in the gathered gorgeousness
May nestle close to Thy simplicity.

T. Gavan Duffy.

Pictures

A tiger swallow-tail,
Pale gold and black of wing,
Restlessly fluttering,
Like fairy ship asail
On the apple's foam-flecked sea;
Purple mourning-cloaks poised airily
Above the pear-tree's snowy drift;
A cardinal, wind-tossed like a flower,
From the linden's barren tower
Pouring his gift
Of song; three ebon crows,
Cawing and steering close
Over the grey old barn,
Then disappearing
Into the tangled clearing
Ablush with redbud dawn.

Sidney North.

Broken Rhythms

I am a dark-browed wind
That knows no measured beat,
Sweeping the forest of myself
With trampling feet.

Knowing a moment's rest,
Then taunting a writhing tree. . .
O You, Who bade the waves be calm,
Quiet me!

Whitelaw Saunders.

Red Roses

This morning, as no breeze did blow,
I saw five roses in a row,
Steeped all in blossom of red snow.

Five red roses, each one pent
In beauty's pure habiliment,
And perfect as a sacrament.

If June be but for joy, I said,
Why these five roses, burning-red,
Like Five Wounds of the Living-Dead?

And then I thought on Christ, the Lord,
And how from Five Red Roses poured
His rain of love—I saw the Sword,

And O in truth, each red rose cried
To me from that sweet countryside:
"Look how He bleeds, The Crucified!"

J. Corson Miller.

The Schoolmistress

Before she married and settled down
In the tiny, huddled western town

She charted words in loops and turns,
Puzzling graphs a schoolchild learns,

And letter-sequences to spell—
She thought she knew words very well.

But—words she classed as long or short,
Hard or easy, have new import,

Now as she lives them, and their relation
Learns from the wind's reiteration:

Intricate, polysyllabic "fear";
"Quiet" screaming into her ear;

"Loneliness," snaky under the gate,
And a huge, heavy word called "hate."

May Williams Ward.

Gaelic

Soft and mysterious as the winds of Glengarry
Is the hidden music of the Gaelic speech—
Softer than the vows of those who newly marry,
Hidden in the heart where only love can reach.

Fairer than the dreams of the ancient Gaelic,
Woven out of sea and heather into speech,
Are the lovely blossoms you and I may pick
Binding them together where only love can reach.

Sally Bruce Kinsolving.

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(*Continued from Page* 213)

The Oxford Book of English Prose satisfies what is commonly diagnosed as "a long-felt want." We have really been peering everywhere for a volume which would give, in dense and serried perspective, the patterns created by the handicraft of prose. It is one thing to cherish memories of ever-living books, and another to weave these recollections together in a kind of May-pole throng. Does not the individual grow because the community exists? Is not one canvas of Titian hallowed by the shadows flung upon it by other pictures? And with equal truth one may say that the echoes of prose linger because they peal and thunder again in writing equally radiant. No other art is so complex and suggestive. On reading an unctuous flight by John Donne, the mind is carried to Newman, to Richard Rolle, to Henry Vaughan, until all of them—the mystics who possessed the gift of speech—stand together against the background of eternal day. A phrase of Walton's about the river sedge glides into Compton Mackenzie's impressionistic sketch of Cornish streams; and, indefatigably renewed, the diction of Malory, of the Bible, of Burton, of Traherne, is as contant as the petals of the iris or the fuchsia's waxen glory. "Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows," says Stevenson, justifying courage; but the large purposes of prose have not been, all these thousand years, as pale a target as the moon.

So gently, unobtrusively, does "Q" go about his task that is only comparatively late that you realize how, underneath the massed suggestions of the gathered pages, a deeper purpose runs on its way. This is the mystic thing which thrills all who sweep away transient sediment and discover "England"—soul in which the North and South were fused, in which the Mediterranean mingled with the Elbe; despoiled by the long robbery of puritanical change, but even so, fallow for the miraculous fertility of a second spring; sad always and yet noblest when riotously merry, strangely wedding beef and Plato, ale and the benedictions of the blessed. Our Don has spent his lifetime in its affectionate contemplation; and though he has elsewhere said beautiful things concerning it—in From a Cornish Window, for instance—his celebration has never been so noble as now.

Why should not one forgive, therefore, the comparative failure to choose from American letters what is most characteristic of them? There is, of course, a generous sprinkling of Yankee passages, but they are such as any tyro might have culled. What reason prevented our Don from opening his eyes to Southern writing, much more nearly akin to the spirit of his book than anything else in American prose, is a puzzling mystery. There is neither Poe, nor Harris, nor Cable. Not a line from Jefferson—not a word from Virginia or Kentucky! In short, you must take this book as an English manifesto, with some additions. That is not all one would have enjoyed getting, but noting the abundance of the feast it is better not to dwell on missing deliciousness.

I have a fancy that many will read and praise this book. It can be an excellent introduction to some understanding of what English prose is, and so a merciful cure for the disease of print. Apart from that, however, the knowing who are faithful to these constantly changing pages will never miss the glory of a strong voice. What it proclaims has, perhaps, never been better listened to and reported than by Richard De Bury: "In books cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising and the setting sun, from the north and from the sea."

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Grand Street Follies

I AM inclined to disagree with those critics in the daily press who implied that the Grand Street Follies of this year are not up to the standard of previous years. It is perhaps quite true that in the early performances, and particularly on the first night, the strong hand of showmanship had not yet made itself felt with sufficient vigor. A certain amount of rearrangement is necessary and also a certain amount of cutting to allow more freedom and scope to the excellent musical numbers. But in their satirical touch, in their quality of subtle and pervasive humor, in the music and in the perfection of certain individual numbers, these latest Follies at the Neighborhood Playhouse far excel anything of the kind I have seen there before.

There is also a notable lessening of the tendency to cheapen the wit by making a play upon the more vulgar themes. In fact, the only lines that could be considered distasteful are a few indirect references to the theme of The Shanghai Gesture, and to a certain notorious story which appeared in the American Mercury recently. It is particularly grateful to be able to point to a general improvement of this sort, because it has always seemed to me that such organizations as the Theatre Guild and Neighborhood Playhouse should take the leadership in the form of wit and satire which does not depend for its effect upon vulgarity or cheap sophistication. Were it not for the few lapses mentioned (and these could be so easily excised) one could point to the present Follies as a high mark in a swift, satiric, and clean form of review entertainment.

In a year that has furnished few bright spots for topical travesty, the Follies have managed to extract the maximum of pungent material. The opening scene itself suggests the full possibilities. We find ourselves in an Eskimo settlement of the polar regions. An American real-estate promoter fresh from Florida triumphs descends in a parachute from a passing airplane to obtain concessions from the Eskimos for an Arctic summer resort. Thereafter we watch throughout the evening the upbuilding of a North Pole Florida, including the local adventures in night clubs, carnivals, art theatres, and all other forms of paraphernalia needed for an unrestricted settlement.

The link with the polyglot New York of today is established when the enterprising promoter returns to this city to persuade its notables to invest in his new enterprise. These celebrities include no lesser personages than the distinguished governor of the state, one of his constituents, Mrs. Feitelbaum, Mother Goshdarn, transposed in key and inference from the lurid lady of the Chinese play, Craig's Wife, the Great God Brown, Irving Berlin, and Texas Guinan (transformed to Guyem). From then on the travesty proceeds with a merry pace.

The excellent music is one of the conspicuous features of the production. The orchestration throughout and about a third of the numbers are by a new composer, Randall Thompson, and the rest are divided between Miss Lily Hyland and Arthur Schwartz. It is rare to find in any review music that adapts itself so wittily and accurately to the lyrics. There is something here of the same close and delightful adjustment that we find in Gilbert and Sullivan. My only objection is that the musical numbers had to be cut too short in order to bring the program to a close at a reasonable hour. Among the satirical numbers, the production of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Northern Lights Art Theatre in the manner of the Moscow Art Theatre's musical studio was easily the supreme delight of the evening. This parody on the modern constructivist stage setting with a chorus of slaves on a high platform waving bandanas in imitation of the fans in Carmencita and the Soldier, with a freight elevator to conduct little Eva, St. Clare, and Uncle Tom to heaven, and many similar devices wrung the last drop of mirth from the artistic fads of the day.

Of individual performances, several deserve very special mention. In the first place we had the inimitable Albert Carroll as Toto, the clown—as polished and apt piece of conventional art as one can see in New York today. Then there were the two amazingly fine impersonations by Vera Allen, of Chrystal Herne as Craig's Wife, and of Catherine Cornell in Green Hat mood. Hitherto Miss Allen's impersonations have suffered from the persistence of her own vocal characteristics. But on this occasion her complete mastery of the distinctive voices of Miss Herne and Miss Cornell was a revelation. Then, as always in any Neighborhood production, there was Dorothy Sands. I have not seen Florence Reed in The Shanghai Gesture, but the point is worth making that the Mother Goshdarn of Dorothy Sands is a characterization of real importance by itself, regardless of its qualities of impersonation. Even when she is standing silently at the side of the stage, Miss Sands makes her presence felt in quite an amazing way. She has what is popularly called "personal magnetism," but entirely without the theatrical qualities usually associated with these words. There was also some interesting singing by Juliette Gauthier and Wesley Boynton. And as usual Paula Trueman carried off everything assigned to her with grace and sly wit. Lastly and in a place of due emphasis, Mae Noble, as the immortal Mrs. Feitelbaum of Milt Gross, gave her own private interpretation of The Dybbuk to Mrs. Craig in the apartment downstairs, in a manner that will probably make this particular sketch a classic of the New York stage.

I have a feeling that even in places like the Neighborhood Playhouse, and certainly in the entertainment shops of upper Broadway, the full possibilities of the review as a department of the theatre have not been realized. Suppose, for a moment, we take it seriously. It is the greatest educational medium the theatre presents. The theme of a great play may have an indirect value in its profound comment on human nature and the clash of human interests. But too much comment turns a play into boresome propaganda. The review, however, offers a chance for direct and pungent satire on every field of human activity; the more direct this satire, the more amusing it becomes and correspondingly the more effective in applying the caustic to needful places. Like the newspaper cartoon, it accomplishes through witty exaggeration what many lines of ponderous talk, editorial or dramatic, could never do. Like a sharp needle, it pricks delicately and allows the thread of the argument to be drawn through with the least effort. In a country such as ours, where the art of cartooning has reached something of a summit, we ought to be able to produce reviews capable even of shaking political parties, not to mention the unblushing dogmatism of certain scientists, the countless fads of education, of medical and mental theories, and the numberless exhibitions of intolerance.

It is in sensing more closely than any other group this possibility of the review that the Neighborhood players have made a great contribution to the theatre. They are helping to create for quite serious thoughts the enchanting language of laughter.

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A COMMUNICATION

HILAIRE BELLOC AND CHARLES MAURRAS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Those Americans who were quartered in France during the war and have visited the provinces since then are probably every now and then somewhat bewildered on reading in our Catholic periodicals articles so warmly optimistic about the resurgence of the Faith among the French that one fears a wish is made to father a roseate view. An American reader is likely to be obdurate enough to hold that as long as race suicide stigmatizes the French people, there is only one conclusion to form about the force of their Catholicism. That the record of France in the production of books on religion and devotion and in the supply of missionaries remains the marvel of the Catholic world is a tribute to what must inevitably be a comparatively small body of practicing Catholics.

The discussion in The Commonweal turns, it seems to me, about two questions. First: What is the nature of the intellectual ideas being brought to the service of the Church in France by certain schools of thought? Second: What errors do French apologists make in claiming that those who create ideas at several points favorable to the Church are necessarily Catholic in essence?

The writings of such men as Charles Maurras, who happens to be the best example—but, after all, only one example—of the French intellectual so often claimed as Catholic in such discussions as these, will answer the first question quite neatly. "All our doctrine is based on the sentiment of patriotism," he says. And again, "A true Nationalist places his motherland above everything." Yet when Frank H. Spearman whimsically quotes to similar effect a French priest named Sullivan, Abbé Dimnet resents both the Sullivan and the remark as a Gallic incredibility.

Curiously, Abbé Dimnet, himself, in writing a little book on Paul Bourget, whom he evidently much admires, not only admits Mr. Spearman's assertion as an attitude of Bourget's, but expands the answer to our first question:

"What sort of a Catholic was he? . . . Among the members of the Action Française with whom Bourget is in sympathy, many are practising Catholics, while some of the most prominent are confessedly unbelievers, but the latter uphold Catholic principles quite as much as the former, from patriotic or, as they say, positive motives. Bourget himself, in 1905, praised Fustel de Coulanges, the famous historian, for writing in his will the following passage: 'I wish to be buried according to the customs of the French, that is to say, religiously. It is true that I neither practise nor believe in the Catholic religion, but I must remember that I was bred in it. Patriotism demands that if we do not think as our ancestors we may at least respect what they held to be the truth.'

"This means that one can both be an unbeliever and act as a believer without incurring disgrace, and Bourget, instead of protesting, praises. Is he, then, one of those 'political Catholics' who view the Church as a useful element in the Commonwealth?"

To the American reader of Bourget, Barres, Ernest Daudet, Maurras, and of the satellites who derive their inspiration from this quartet of French artists and thinkers, there is only one answer: they are primarily "political Catholics" or, as Maurras one called himself, "pagans." Hence, it seems to

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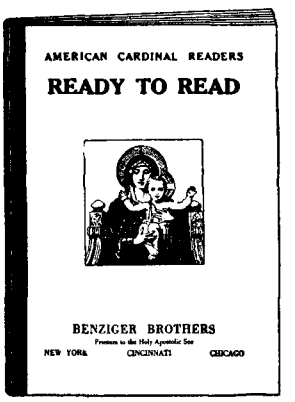

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me that the vital course to take is a relentless stripping of the masquerade that, as Alphonse Lugan vigorously and truly holds, is poisoning Catholicism for the French and reënforcing the bitter prejudice against the Church among those who cherish the inflaming legacies of the revolutionary era.

That one must go back, indeed, to the French Revolution to understand the tenor of the recent contributions in The Commonweal is with some bias partially made clear in the last chapter of Abbé Dimnet's monograph on Bourget; but for a penetrating analysis illuminating, not only the situation in France today, but a somewhat similar condition in Mexico, give me Hilaire Belloc's chapter on The French Revolution and the Catholic Church in his volume, The French Revolution. He answers our two questions with a superb detachment.

"Was there," he asks, "a necessary and fundamental quarrel between the doctrines of the Revolution and those of the Catholic Church?" "There was," declare our quartet in all their writings. Belloc thinks only the non-Catholic, or the families in the old tradition will say so. "It is impossible for the theologian, or even for the practical ecclesiastical teacher, to put his finger upon a political doctrine essential to the Revolution, and to say, 'This doctrine is opposed to Catholic dogma or to Catholic morals.' Conversely, it is impossible for the Republican to put his finger upon a matter of ecclesiastical discipline or religious dogma and to say, 'This Catholic point is at issue with my political theory of the state.'

"Why, then, it must next be asked, has there in practice arisen so furious and so enormous a conflict, a conflict whose activity and whose consequence are not narrowing but broadening today?"

Tracing the steps that led to the development of the monarchy in which the Church became merely an element of the national tradition, Belloc concludes: "But there were two elements of disruption in that homogeneous body which Louis XIV apparently commanded. The very fact that the Church had thus become in France an unshakable national institution, chilled the vital source of Catholicism. Not only did the hierarchy stand in a perpetual suspicion of the Roman See, and toy with the conception of national independence, but they, and all the official organization of French Catholicism, put the security of the national establishment and its intimate attachment to the general political structure of the state, far beyond the sanctity of Catholic dogma or the practice of Catholic morals.

"That political structure—the French monarchy—seemed to be of granite, and eternal. Had it indeed survived, the Church in Gaul would doubtless, in spite of its attachment to so mundane a thing as the crown, have still survived to enjoy one of those resurrections which never failed it in the past, and would have returned, by some creative reaction, to its principle of life. But for the moment the consequence of this fixed political establishment was that scepticism, and all those other active forces of the mind which play upon religion in any Catholic state, had full opportunity. The Church was, so to speak, not concerned to defend itself but only its method of existence. It was as though a garrison, forgetting the main defenses of a place, had concentrated all its efforts upon the security of one work which contained its supplies of food. . . .

"The Catholic reaction in our time perpetually tends to contrast a supposed pre-revolutionary 'Catholic' society with the revolutionary fury. 'Look,' say its champions, 'at the dreadful way in which the Revolution treated the Church.' And as they say this, the converse truth appears obvious and they seem to imply, 'Think how different it must have been before the Revolution persecuted the Church!' The very violence of the modern reaction toward Catholicism has exaggerated the revolutionary persecution, and in doing so has made men forget that, apart from other evidence of the decline of religion, it is obvious that persecution could never have arisen without a strong and continuous historical backing.

"You could not have had the revolutionary fury against the Catholic Church in France if the preceding generation had been actively Catholic even in a considerable portion."

The Church, then, Belloc explains, drew to itself by association with the oppressive executive government a hatred that was fed by the belief that religion was a dying superstition, the conviction that the wealth of the clergy must be seized to ameliorate the poverty of the people, and the apparent association of the Church with the corruption of the state. But the Church was not dead.

"It fructifies and expands immediately under the touch of a lethal weapon; it has at its very roots the conception that material prosperity is stifling to it, poverty and misfortune nutritious."

The disastrous turn of events might even then have been shaped otherwise, but the civil constitution imposed upon the clergy "dug the pit which divided Catholicism from the Revolution at the moment of the foreign invasion, it segregated the loyal priest in such a fashion that his order could not but appear to the populace as an order of traitors, and it led, in the furnace of 1793, to the great persecution from the memories of which the relations between the French democracy and the Church have not recovered.

"The picture of the priest, his habit and character, as the fatal and necessary opponent of the revolutionary theory, became so fixed in the mind of the Republican that two generations did nothing to eliminate it, and that even in our time the older men, in spite of pure theory, cannot rid themselves of an imagined connection between the Catholic Church and an international conspiracy against democracy. Nor does this non-rational but very real feeling lack support from the utterances of those who, in opposing the political theory of the French Revolution, consistently quote the Catholic Church as its necessary and holy antagonist.

"This generation will not see, nor perhaps the generation succeeding it, the issue of the struggle between two bodies of thought which are divided by no process of reason, but profoundly divorced by the action of vivid and tragic historical memories."

The last three paragraphs explain much.

ELMER KENYON.

(*It will add to the interest of Mr. Kenyon's thoughtful letter to note that Mr. Belloc seems to have altered his opinion. After a note about Maurras, which appears in connection with an article in the Yale Review for January, 1922, Mr. Belloc writes: "There are a host of men supporting the increasing defense of our civilization who are still strongly inimical to the Catholic Church. The struggle, as it develops, will inevitably draw the defenders more and more toward the central corps of Catholicism, but the defense is not, inclusively, a Catholic defense; though it is the defense of those same habits of thought and conduct, of clear principle and close reasoning which are a product of the Faith."—The Editors.*)

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BOOKS

The Hounds of Spring, by Sylvia Thompson. New York: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

THE outside of the jacket of The Hounds of Spring bears the legend "thirty-eighth thousand"; the inside carries the neatly paragraphed information that its author, Miss Sylvia Thompson, began her literary career at sixteen; that she has two other novels to her credit; and that she is at present twenty-four years old. These facts in themselves would be enough to prompt an interested approach. Coupled with the quite unusual critical acclaim which The Hounds of Spring has evoked on both sides of the Atlantic, they arouse curiosity and expectation to a pitch which has probably not been equaled since the first readers of young Mr. Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise began their excited sputtering of superlatives.

The comparison is an appropriate one. The young Scotswoman, bred at Oxford, is just a year older than was the young Middle-Westerner, bred at Princeton, when he completed his remarkable first novel. The books deal with the same period—the years just preceding and just following the great war; they deal with the same material—youth, and the impact upon youth of life during that period. The fact that Miss Thompson (perhaps because she was out of the war) incorporates its effects actively into her novel, whereas Mr. Fitzgerald (perhaps because he was in it) rigidly eschewed them, is, after all, a mere accident of treatment, to be allowed for in the inevitable difference between author and author. The parallel of all significant circumstances is quite just enough to permit the American reader a quiet glow of exhilaration as he realizes that, at a given age, and on a given job, our best modern young man was definitely better than Britannia's best modern young woman. Mr. Fitzgerald's novel was not written with the literary flair which distinguishes The Hounds of Spring, nor was it as much of a story, in the matter of contrived and balanced incident. But it was incontestably superior in its observation, which was entirely fresh; in its treatment, which was wholly underivative; in its modesty, which confined analysis and elucidation to such characters as its author instinctively understood; and in its omissions which (such as they were) were dictated by taste and never by sentimentality.

This last fact is really, I suppose, part of another truth for which it is difficult to find words which shall not seem misleadingly rigorous. Baldly, This Side of Paradise is more attractive in the quality of its snobbery. Both young writers have an obvious interest in the privileged classes of their respective countries. But Mr. Fitzgerald is not at all naif about it. He placards his interest with acute self-consciousness; one can easily imagine him admitting that he is engrossed in the American aristocracy for reasons which inhere in himself. Miss Thompson, on the other hand, is manifestly engrossed in the English aristocracy for reasons which she supposes to inhere in them. She finds them, after the habit of so many of her countrymen, lay and literary, worshipful. It is to this, I imagine, more than to the mere immaturity of her perception of character, that one must trace the bloodlessness of the crew who people her novel.

There is the heroine's father, Sir Edgar Renner, of Austrian birth, a naturalized British subject. A compassionate melancholy, which is tacitly offered as the last word in cultured liberal-mindedness, distinguishes Sir Edgar's least dealings. He

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discharges flawlessly the duties of husband, father and patriot; but he never abandons for five minutes his attitude of quiet, tender sorrow for the world. When his daughter Zina marries a man she does not love, to forget the man she does, whom she supposes to be dead, Sir Edgar is gentle and sad. When the lover turns up alive a week after Zina's wedding, Sir Edgar is sad and gentle. Even the terrific strain of a divided sympathy during the conflict cannot disarrange his set mood, or abrade his nerves to tortured irritation, or twist one cry of anguish out of him. He is the model of a brooding gentleman, and a brooding gentleman he remains to the end.

There is Zina, cut on another accepted patrician pattern—the delicate flower, unfitted to bear the harsh winds of life. It is true that some effort has been made at realistic portrayal in her case. She is represented as shutting out the memory of Colin because she cannot endure his loss; as marrying for mere "physical attraction"; as being indifferent to her child; and—this being the far-off, divine event toward which The Hounds of Spring moves—as finally abandoning both child and husband for the returned lover. But there is no real substance in any of these decisions. There is nothing that makes Zina an actual person, or gives the authentic effect of a soul afraid of life and awakening to torment. There is only the lovely, lympathic outline recognizable to all readers of genteel fiction, moving accommodatingly along the path traced for it by the plot.

And there is Colin, the lover, perfect and wholly featureless; and Wendy, the younger sister, who palely embodies all the clichés of the new generation; and Nannie, the old nurse, a benevolent tyrant; and Cynthia, Sir Edgar's wife, an English gentlewoman, whom her children always address as "Darling." In fact, there is only one character which detaches itself from this company of familiar wraiths and comes forward as an individual in its own right. That is Hope Chase, a rich American who conducts a hospital in France. She is efficient yet a poseuse, and her combination of idealism and histrionics has been admirably caught and transcribed. There is no tradition of Hope Chases in English literature, be it noted, and this omission has forced Miss Thompson to some first-hand, and first-rate, observation.

MARY KOLARS.

The Elements of Ethics, by Charles C. Miltner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

A SINGULARLY lucid and well-written contribution to Catholic literature on the science of morality is presented in this recent book from the pen of Reverend Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., of the department of philosophy of Notre Dame University. While the treatment is especially adapted for beginning students, and is designed as a text-book, it avoids both the meagre sketchiness of a bare outline and the voluminous exhaustiveness of a work like Cronin's. It pursues a via media. There is a statement of the essential problems with a brief discussion of the relevant evidence, and a formulation of the correct solution.

What the beginning student in ethics needs especially is a judicious sifting of the essential threads of argument from the mass of controversy that has grown up on almost every important problem in morality. It has been the experience of the writer that treatises like Cronin's, presenting in detail an abundance of conflicting viewpoints and their respective lines of ratiocination, are all too apt to overwhelm and bewilder the undergraduate student. Volumes, on the other

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hand, which compress many different ethical viewpoints into a single paragraph or a few quoted sentences, are likely to cause the student to feel a vagueness in his attempted grasp of them, which renders it difficult for him to speak with precision on any controverted question.

In the last analysis it devolves upon the judgment and discretion of the author of a text for beginners to select those viewpoints which he esteems of significance to neophytes, either because of their historical importance, or because of their following and influence upon the thought of today. In so doing, he frankly disavows any attempt at exhaustive or encyclopaedic treatment, and deliberately adapts his text, not for graduate students, but for beginning undergraduates. Take, for example, the problem of the categorical or conditioned imperative, or the origin of the sense of duty. With what obscurity and haziness are the conflicting theories on these subjects presented in the average text-book! Yet Dr. Miltner manages, as a rule, to present these proverbially difficult problems in a clear, simple, non-technical manner, and to clinch his exposition with a practical illustration. In thus steering a lucid course between the Scylla of confusing and exhaustive voluminousness and the Charybdis of a bare, sketchy outline, lies the chief value of this book as a text for beginners.

As every teacher of ethics is painfully aware, one of the portions of the subject-matter always bristling with difficulty for beginning students, is the comprehension of the objective basis of morality. Observe with what simplicity and lucidity the author presents the scholastic viewpoint on this subject in the following paragraph:

"All scholastic philosophers hold that the radical basis of objective morality, the ultimate reason why some human acts are good or evil, is the Divine Reason and Will, or the Eternal Law, while the proximate reason is man's rational nature or right reason. In other words, when we say, for example, that murder is intrinsically evil, we base our assertion, first on the fact that it is contrary to right reason, and second on the fact that reason is right in this matter, not because of any feeling, or notion of utility, or natural infallibility, or the evolutionary process, but because it is in conformity with objective reality or the natural order set up in things by the Divine Reason and Will, that is, the Eternal Law."

This paragraph is typical of Dr. Miltner's happy knack of presenting with clearness an abstract concept and anchoring it in an apt illustration.

The writer is aware that some criticism has been directed upon the text because it tries to straddle the somewhat wide gap between the high school and the college, aiming to serve as a text for both. With the enrichment of the high-school curriculum in the last decade, and with the insertion of suitable preparatory courses, the text should prove useful for the senior class in the high school. For students in the freshman or sophomore years of college who have had no such work in high school, the volume should likewise be of practical value, for the gap between the seniors in high school and the undergraduates in college is apt to depend more upon the amount and kind of preparation they have had for such a course in ethics than upon any general standard of mental growth. Thus, the writer has used the book in connection with a course in ethics for undergraduates ranging from sophomores to seniors in a state university, and has found it of considerable practical helpfulness for them.

The author's treatment of Special Ethics is especially refreshing, reflecting accurately the modern viewpoint on such

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By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Professor of History, Columbia University, the author of "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," "Brief History of the Great War," and other books.

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problems as strikes, lockouts, and the living wage. The chapter on education particularly is timely. But it might have been enriched by citation of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in declaring the Orgeon School law unconstitutional. That decision, upholding the rights of parents in the education of their children, adds the weight of the highest judicial tribunal in America to the Church's traditional teaching on the subject.

At the end of each chapter are appended suitable questions for discussion in class as well as a brief but well-selected list of references for further study.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN.

Roman Education from Cicero to Quintilian, by Aubrey Gwynn. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

ONE of the most important and indubitable pronouncements of ethnology is that the family is the basis of all civilization and its stability the essential factor in national prosperity. In no race was the family power more accentuated than in that great nation which at one time dominated the entire ancient world. Here the Patria Potestas extended to the life and death of offspring, tempered, no doubt, by the moral obligation to hold a family council before the extreme penalty was carried out.

Hence it is not wonderful that in the original Roman scheme of education for boys, of whom, as they were alone considered of real importance, I am now speaking, their teaching should come from their fathers. Not so much by regular set work or from text-books, though Cato did write out some history in a large hand for his children. But the son, as soon as he could, became the father's companion; he lived with him and with his friends; he heard their talk; he shared his father's work on the farm or elsewhere; he went with him to public meetings; even at certain periods, if the parent were a senator, to the Senate House. Thus, as Pliny said, "every child had his father for schoolmaster." Herein lies the significance of the Latin word educatio, the training obtained from home life and home influences. Institutio, on the other hand, was their word for the kind of thing which we ourselves call education, namely, training in some art, or in the arts, using again the university term which we get from them. This kind of training in its later form is described in Quintilian's celebrated work, Institutio Oratoria. Here we are given at great length the type of teaching which was in vogue until the Church in her turn took the reins from the failing hands of the empire.

Not the least remarkable and commendable part of the ealier education was its purity. A father would no more allow indecent conversation before his children than he would before a vestal virgin. We may remember that it is to a Roman satirist that we owe the hackneyed quotation "maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

The Greek ideals were wholly different. The Greek child was the child of the state far more than of its parents, and to Hellenic views on nudity in the absence of dissection we owe their marvelous anatomical knowledge. But there were other differences between the Romans and the "needy Greeks." The Romans failed to produce any scientific discovery which was of any permanent use to the world. They did no original work except in grammar and in jurisprudence, and even in these they were much influenced by Hellenistic scholarship and Hellenistic philosophy. Everybody knows who Vitruvius was and of his reputation as an architect. Yet his work, says Mr.

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Gwynn, from whom all these remarks are culled, was "merely an intelligent compilation from earlier Greek sources."

But the Greeks brought a different kind of education or "institutio" into Rome. What that was we learn from Cicero's great work, De Oratore, "the orator's program of educational reform." There were the "artes," philosophy, mathematics, music, literature, rhetoric. Geometry and astronomy were included under the second head and so we arrive at the seven liberal arts of the middle-ages, "the seven liberal sciences" of Milton's Areopagitica, the foundation of our "arts" courses in modern universities. Varro added medicine and architecture to the list, making it nine. Vitruvius ordained that the architect should study literature, drawing, geometry, optics, arithmetic, history, philosophy, music, medicine, law, and astronomy, a singular curriculum of technical education, perhaps the first ever to be laid down.

History, set down as a subject of study by Vitruvius and lauded by Cicero in an impassioned panegyric as the "witness of the ages, light of truth, life of tradition, teacher of life, messenger of antiquity," was, it seems, never taught in Roman schools, though when the Aeneid of the Mantuan Vergil came into use, as it very early did as a school text-book, it was also used as a kind of foundation of history, largely mythological, of course. Mr. Gwynn has given a book to the world of deep interest, not only to classical scholars and persons engaged in education, but to all intelligent readers.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Thobbing, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE novel word "thobbing" is defined by its originator, Mr. Henshaw Ward, as follows: "When a person thinks without curiosity, has an opinion because he likes it, believes what is handy—then he thobs."

Considering the universal tendency of mankind to indulge in this sort of "wishful thinking"—to believe that which is in accord with our desires instead of that which is in accord with the evidence—we should probably be grateful to Mr. Ward for affixing a distinctive name to our favorite vice. But the conception itself is no novelty; every competent thinker since Socrates has been aware of the danger; and of recent years, under the influence of pragmatists, psychoanalysts, and radical political thinkers, the notion is in danger of being run into the ground.

When we find Mr. Ward further stating that "the reasoning of 'the great creative intellects' about politics and religion, society and psychology, law and war is just thobbing—the romantic and flattering job of producing pretty things from the skull," we begin to suspect that he is stretching the idea beyond the breaking-point.

After partially reclaiming our confidence by selecting Mr. Upton Sinclair as the preëminent contemporary example of the thobber, he goes on to destroy it by criticizing the great historical systems of philosophy on the basis of a reading of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the chief theories of psychology, sociology, education, economics and law, and the chief modern schemes of social reform—all as illustrations of the same particular tendency. Mr. Ward himself here gets to thobbing with a vengeance, since in the great majority of these instances he produces no evidence—and in the nature of the case could produce none—as to the desires or wishes supposed to lie back of the theories to which he objects. In-

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stead, he surreptitiously introduces an entirely different thesis. "The intellect discovers error and treasures it. The eye discovers all the truth that later ages will endorse." That is to say, Mr. Henshaw Ward is a pure empiricist, distrustful of all speculation, theory, and even introspection, determined in the hard-headed Anglo-Saxon manner not to go beyond "the testimony of the senses." Hence it is not at all surprising that he finds no evidence of moral law or logical imperatives in a world from which his method has banished them, nor that he ends with a virtual identification of all thinking with thobbing that contradicts the insight with which he set out.

This ultra-modern Mr. Ward might meditate with profit the words of an Egyptian hymn to Ptah of about the year 2000 B. C.: "When the eyes see, the ears hear, and the nose breathes, they transmit to the mind. It is he [the mind] who brings forth every issue, and it is the tongue which repeats the thought of the mind."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

English Literature, by George N. Shuster. New York: Allyn and Bacon. $1.60.

MR. GEORGE N. SHUSTER denominated his handbook of English literature pleasantly as "a community venture," so his purpose to enlist the interest of the pupil as well as to instruct him will appeal to the best pedagogical instinct. Literature is a subject that not infrequently presents itself to the youthful mind as an appalling Juggernaut, fantastic and intricate, but crushing in its gigantic proportions.

The appearance of Mr. Shuster's book is appropriately pleasing; there are frequent illustrations of authors' portraits, homes, and reproductions of illuminations and title pages. Mr. Shuster's field stretches from the fifth-century Anglo-Saxons down to Galsworthy, Belloc, Yeats, and Synge. As a classbook its use should be very valuable to the instructor, carrying with it a light personal flavor of criticism, joined to excellent scholarship and reliable data. The importance given to Catholic authors is not in any way disproportionate to their merits: with such recent geniuses at command, as Francis Thompson, Louise Imogen Guiney, Alice Meynell, G. K. Chesterton, Hugh Benson, Ronald Knox, and Katherine Tynan, the author does well to recognize the literary achievements and triumphs of modern Catholicity in English letters.

Particularly to be noted is Mr. Shuster's cleverness and exquisite taste in the introduction of short quotations from the treasuries of prose and poetry. His extracts are of the sort to arouse the interest and deeper pursuit of the reader into the original sources that are here so sagaciously tabulated.

THOMAS WALSH.

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